

AADC

50¢

# Adam

V O L. 6 N O. 1

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**the man's home companion!**





## a word from **ADAM**

**T**HIS MONTH marks ADAM's sixth birthday, and we're celebrating the event by putting together Vol. 6, No. 1, which we consider one of the most exciting in our five years of publication.

A celebration naturally means gifts, and the most delightful present we received came from none other than Laura Cummings, the dark-eyed charmer who appears on our cover and on pages 22-25. When our staff writer sat in on Laura's modeling session with photographer Chester Maydole, he expressed admiration for the nude self-portrait she's shown painting on page 22. About a week later, as we were rushing hectically to deadline, Laura bounced in with a canvas under her arm. It was an exact replica of the mural she painted in the photo sitting—and a most intriguing nude, as you can see for yourself by turning a few pages. Laura said simply, "You liked it so much, I thought you'd like to have a copy for the office." We hung it with pride—a swinging portrait of a helluva sweet girl.

Another pleasant surprise was a letter from Edwyn Gray of Bucks, England. Mr. Gray, who wrote our lead story, "Highway to Horror," has published widely in England, but his sale to ADAM was his first to a stateside publication.

His fast-moving tale is on the next page, so get set for some high-voltage entertainment. But don't stop—there's plenty more...fact fiction and girls who make this anniversary issue a plenty provocative package. 

*Alluring Evelyn Smith Turned From Music To Modeling With One Easy Step.....see page 7*





*Daring Shows At Paris' Le Sex Appeal Are The Talk Of Europe ... see page 62*

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# Adam

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Laura Cummings photographed for ADAM

by BRUCE GILBERT

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He had destroyed another man's woman.  
Now the vengeance fell on his own wife

# HIGHWAY to HORROR

by EDWYN A. GRAY

**I**F YOU START yelling I'll gut-shoot you . . . !"

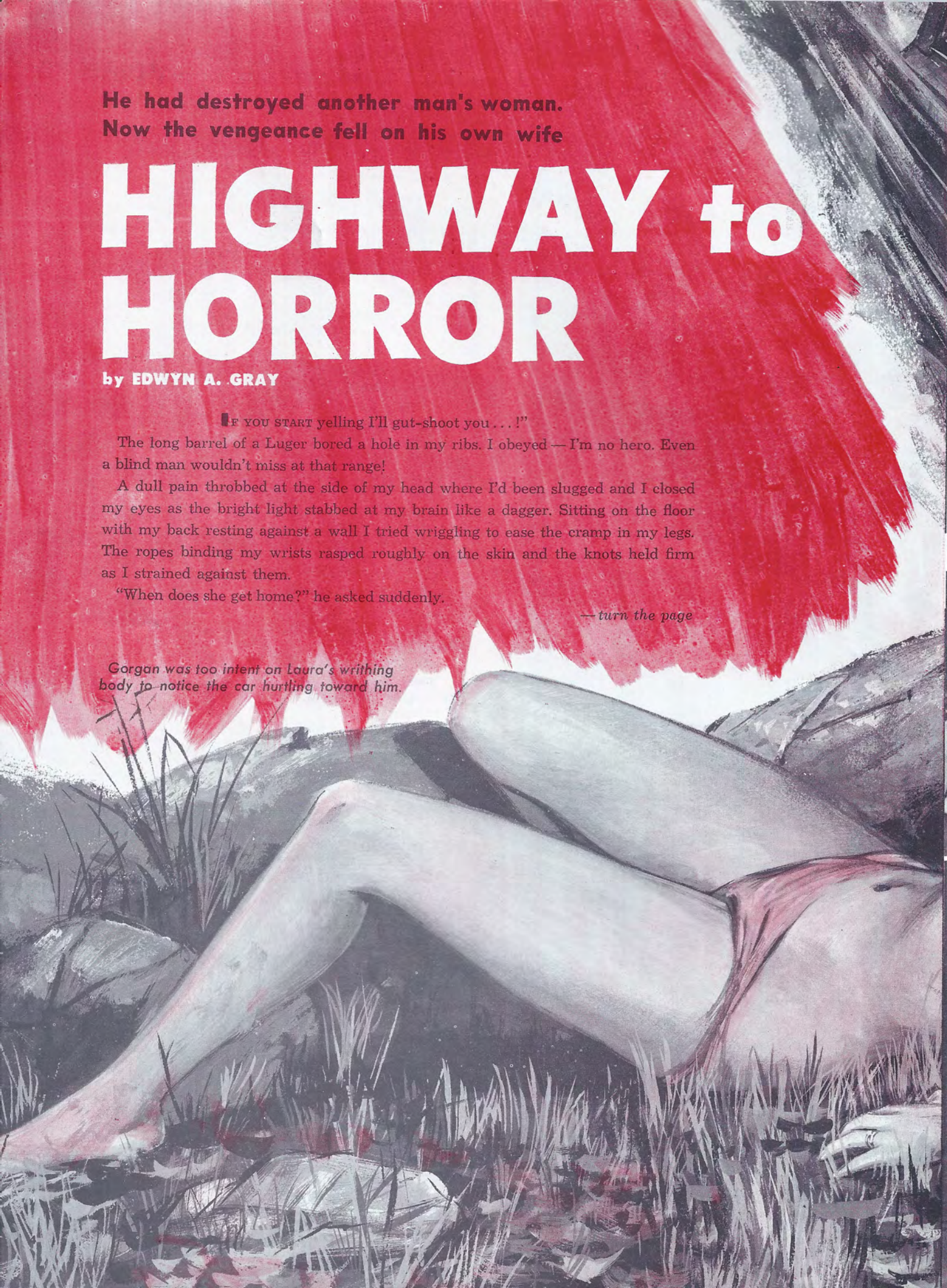
The long barrel of a Luger bored a hole in my ribs. I obeyed — I'm no hero. Even a blind man wouldn't miss at that range!

A dull pain throbbed at the side of my head where I'd been slugged and I closed my eyes as the bright light stabbed at my brain like a dagger. Sitting on the floor with my back resting against a wall I tried wriggling to ease the cramp in my legs. The ropes binding my wrists rasped roughly on the skin and the knots held firm as I strained against them.

"When does she get home?" he asked suddenly.

— turn the page

Gorgan was too intent on Laura's writhing body to notice the car hurtling toward him.









**HORROR**, from page 4

"Who?"

"Laura — your wife!"

I tried turning my head to see his face but the shadows swallowed him. The gun barrel started boring again. Its metal fore-sight gouged through my shirt and I felt the cold steel touching my skin.

"I said what time?" he prodded.

"A quarter after six..."

He chuckled deep in his throat and I could imagine what was passing through his mind. His voice was soft.

"Good...not long to wait, eh, lover-boy?"

I heard a program change on the radio in the next room. Laura was due home in less than five minutes!

Shifting slightly to ease my aching limbs the Luger prodded another warning. I ignored it. No guy lets himself get hi-jacked in his own house like this. I felt a boiling anger swelling up deep down inside. "Quit the dramatics," I snapped, "and get these damn ropes off me!"

Suddenly pulling the gun from my ribs he poised over me. My hands were clammy with sweat as I waited for the butt to smash down.

Then it was over — the moment was gone.

Squatting down beside me, he spun the heavy automatic around his finger.

"You want I should slug you again?" His voice was soft but I knew he meant it. "Relax, fella. Just let things take their course."

"Laura? What do you want with Laura?" I demanded.

He giggled. It was an evil sound and my blood went cold. I could feel his hot breath on my face as he came closer and spoke in my ear.

"Wait and see, fella...just wait and see..."

There was a soft swish of tires on gravel as my wife drove up to the house in our Hudson. I began to tremble as a door slammed shut and her high-heel shoes crunched across the stones.

A dirty rag clamped across my mouth and was tied quickly in place. Her key grated in the front lock and the door creaked as it swung open. Deprived of sound or movement I waited in a tense sweat of anticipation as I heard Laura's heels tap along the hall.

Poised in the shadow behind the door my attacker waited for his second victim. There was something familiar about him and my brain clicked frantically as I tried to recognize him.

Laura reached the door. The handle turned as she opened it and for one frozen horrified moment she stared at me as I lay bound and gagged on the floor!

A massive arm crooked around her throat choking off the scream before it was born and I saw her struggling to escape. Blood trickled down my wrists as I fought to tear free of the ropes. But it was useless.

Gurgling sounds bubbled from Laura's throat as the arm clamped across her wind-pipe and she went limp! Sagging against him her sweater dragged on his arm and rode up above her skirt revealing a glimpse of white flesh. He released his grip and she slid to the floor in a heap.

Wasting no time he bent over her and pulled a length of rope from his pocket. Twisting her arms behind her he secured the wrists together tightly and rolled her over onto her back. For a moment he stood there looking at her. Then he moved his foot and hooked the hem of her skirt with the toe of his shoe. Flicking it back he exposed her long slim nylon covered thighs and the cool flesh above.

Giggling to himself he shuffled around to improve his viewpoint. A shaft of light cut suddenly across his face and I gave a gasp.

Shaking my head violently I dislodged the gag. As it slid down to my chin I yelled, "Joe Gorgan!"

Turning round quickly as he heard his name called, the gun flashed into his hand. Then he saw me and relaxed again.

"So you recognize your neighbor? You're getting real smart, Matt!"

"You've known Laura and me for years, Joe! What's got into you?"

He ignored the question and I went on desperately. "Listen, Joe. This is Matt and Laura — you can't do this to us. Your wife..." I stopped dead as if I had bitten my tongue.

"Yeah, Matt," he prompted, "you was saying about my wife..."

"This is ridiculous!" I exploded.

"Ridiculous!" He snorted. "Like my wife is ridiculous lying up there at the hospital? Not speaking — not seeing — not moving — just breathing! You know what the doctors told me this morning? They say she's completely paralyzed! So that's ridiculous, eh?"

"It was an accident — you know it was. They said at the inquiry I was clear of blame. Hell, Joe, you know how damn sorry I am about it — I didn't smash her car for fun..."

The cold eyes stared at me silently for a few moments, then he grinned, "You're sorry... sorry about my wife being smashed up by your crazy driving? You ain't sorry

— turn to page 32

Adam

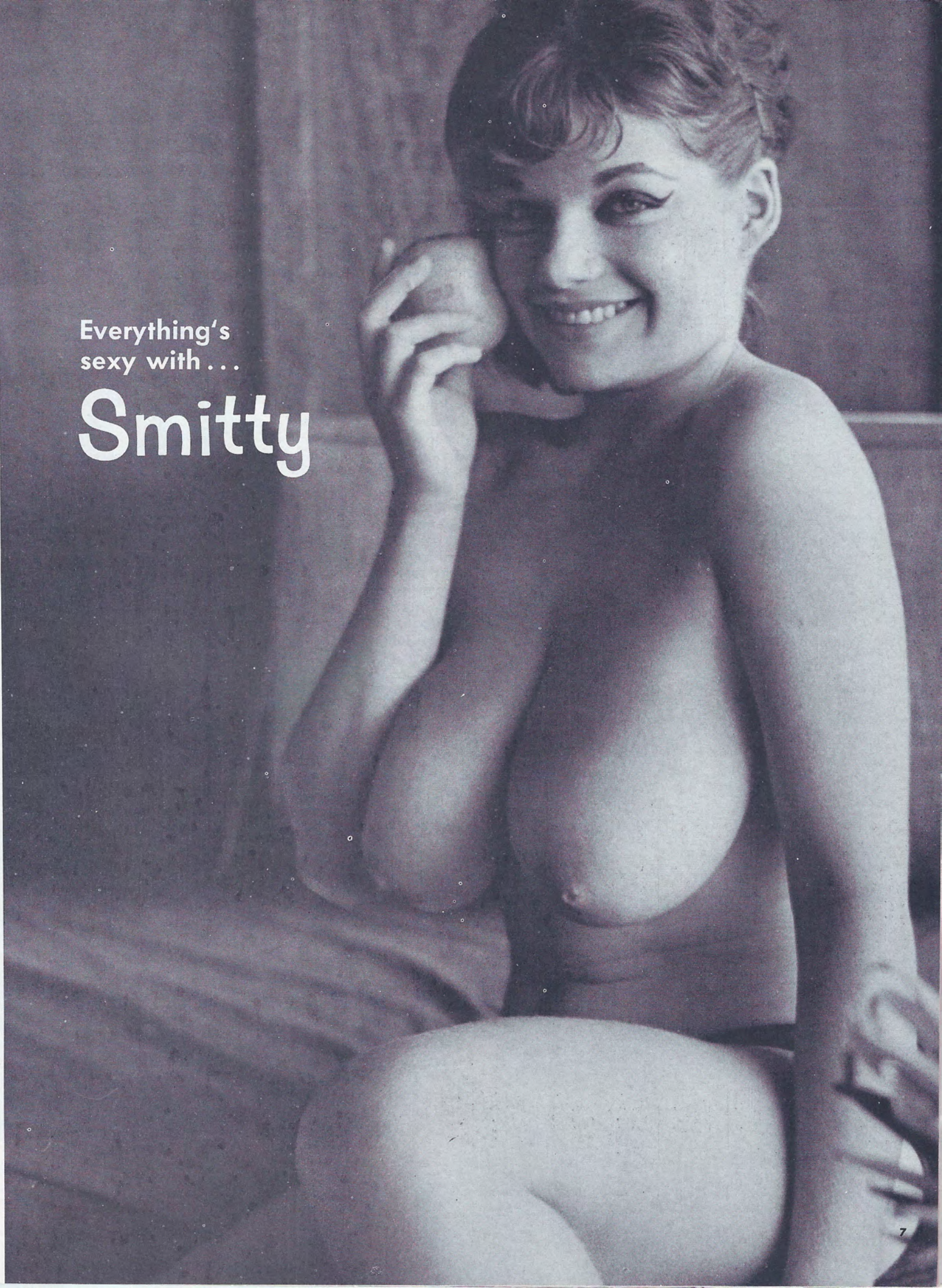


"... And the Palomino filly over there's just for pleasure riding."



Everything's  
sexy with...

Smitty







**E**VERYTHING ABOUT pianist-turned-model Evelyn Smith is seductive—her sexy voice, her slinky walk, her burgeoning 37-24-34 body. Yet, to become even more alluring, she sometimes has the naive look of a little girl.

- “I never thought taking piano lessons would lead me into modeling,” green-eyed Evelyn purred. “I studied piano for several years and played in such clubs as the Tradewinds and the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. An agent saw me and the next thing I knew I was leaving the keyboard for the camera!”

- “This has all been fine with me since my biggest ambition is to be a motion picture actress. Even my favorite reading is autobiographies of show business personalities. I have the acting bug—but good!”

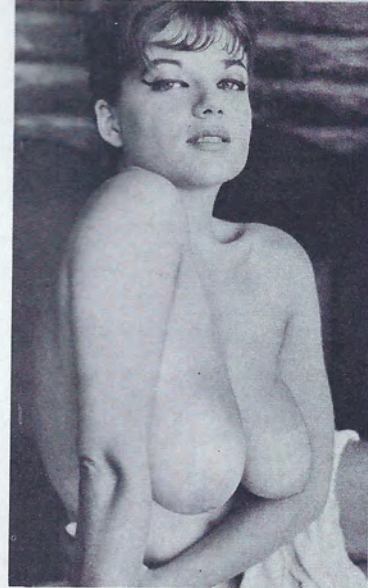
- Evelyn, or “Smitty”, as her friends call her, lives by herself now in Hollywood. She insists she likes to keep house but she says, “I can’t cook.” As for her dislikes, she says, “I can’t stand people who ‘crack’ their chewing gum and I don’t like to drive fast.”

- When she has any spare time, she spends it reading, going to the movies, and sunning herself in the nude. At times she goes in for such sports as volleyball, badminton, and swimming. She’s also a devotee of Chinese food and spaghetti.

- Evelyn, who is 5’2” and weighs 108, has no burning romance to occupy her time but she knows what she wants of a man.

- “I would like him to be tall, pleasant looking, intelligent, gentle, and considerate. And that’s not asking for too much. At least I don’t think so!”

- Any man can realize at a glance that Smitty is a helluva lot of girl!





**Evelyn pounded a piano  
until she found easier ways of  
turning a buck**





Bill made love to the producer's wife while angry hippos trumpeted a song of death

THE CENTRAL AFRICAN night was sweltering. I steamed in my tent, sticky with sweat, stripped to my shorts. I wanted to go out but couldn't face the buzzing, whining, biting, stinging insects that filled the village air.

Carol Kruggmann appeared at the screened entrance flap. "Bill, let me in. I'm being eaten alive!"

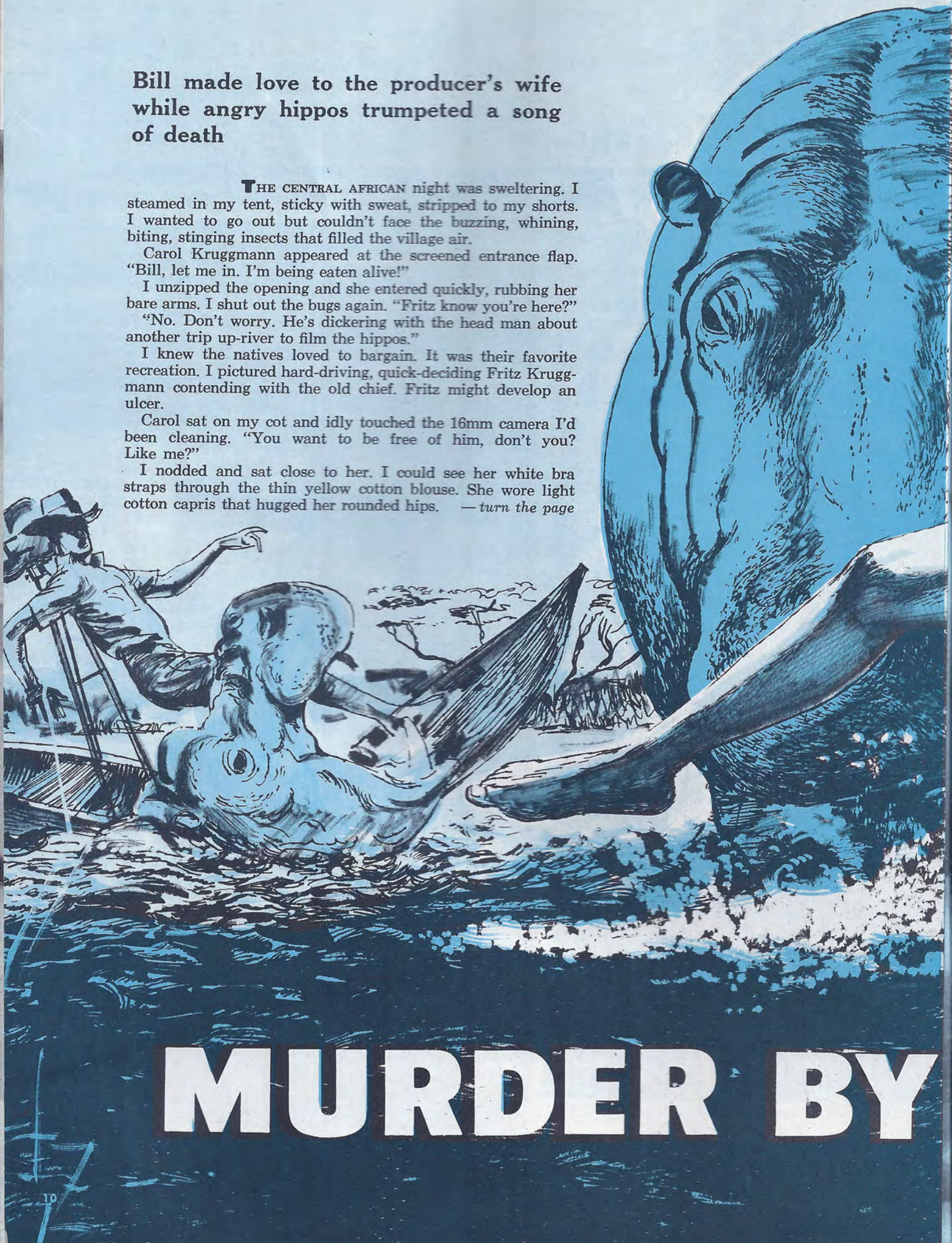
I unzipped the opening and she entered quickly, rubbing her bare arms. I shut out the bugs again. "Fritz know you're here?"

"No. Don't worry. He's dickering with the head man about another trip up-river to film the hippos."

I knew the natives loved to bargain. It was their favorite recreation. I pictured hard-driving, quick-deciding Fritz Kruggmann contending with the old chief. Fritz might develop an ulcer.

Carol sat on my cot and idly touched the 16mm camera I'd been cleaning. "You want to be free of him, don't you? Like me?"

I nodded and sat close to her. I could see her white bra straps through the thin yellow cotton blouse. She wore light cotton capris that hugged her rounded hips. — turn the page



# MURDER BY





Carol screamed as the beast charged after her.

# MISTAKE

by RICHARD E. GEIS



## MISTAKE, from page 10

This was "Carol Vanner," red-haired sex queen of the B-pictures, star of the current Kruggmann release, *Soul of a Psycho*.

My palms tingled with running sweat and the soft memory of her lush white breasts. I'd held her naked body as close as two bodies can be. I'd first made love to her on the steamer from Capetown two weeks before and once in a village three hundred miles nearer the coast. I wanted her again.

She continued her inspection of camera. "Would you like to produce and direct another picture?"

I didn't have the answer. Two years before I'd produced, directed and photographed an "art" film, a semi-documentary of old people in the slums of Los Angeles. It was a flop. I wound up fifty thousand in debt.

Kruggmann, gold old sex-and-sadism Fritz Kruggmann, had paid my debts and added me to his stable of slaves.

I said, "I want to be more than an 'inspired' cameraman. I want it so bad I can taste it."

I ran my hand up her back. She crunched up her shoulders and shivered. But she didn't turn for a kiss. She said, "You know he's trying to kill me. He tried today."

I remembered the single lucky shot Kruggmann had made as the enraged hippo made for her in the water. Experienced hunters sometimes used three and four shots to kill one of the beasts.

Fritz had ordered her to swim in the muddy yellow river as I filmed from a jury-rigged catamaran made of two connected dugouts. He'd known the angry hippo would go for her.

Carol pursed her lips in thought. "He's trying to make it appear accidental. Suddenly Fritz has realized I'd inherit everything. Me, his hating wife."

I blew lightly into her ear. "I won't let him hurt you."

"That's nice." She closed her eyes. "But what if he had an 'accident' before I did?"

My lips stopped an inch from hers. Her grey green eyes opened and were as cold as Fritz's blue ones had ever been. I wasn't shocked. Half-heartedly, I toyed with the idea of killing him. She was in my arms. I could have her beauty, another chance at pictures... But I was scared. My insides felt suddenly very full and heavy and sick.

She kissed me, her mouth soft and sweet as melting sugar. "You could be my partner, Bill. In bed... and

out."

I groaned and pulled her blouse free. A moment later my palms were sliding over her fabulous naked breasts, gliding sensuously on a film of perspiration.

She stayed my hand at her capris zipper. "Deal?"

I was drunk with desire. I wanted her and I wanted success. She kissed me again, sending her flicking tongue deep in my mouth. Her body was too close, too hot, too desirable. I broke the kiss and whispered desperately, "I need to think!"



She clucked, touched my cheek and said, "Poor Bill, such a look you have! Just remember where your future lies, honey."

Fritz's rasping voice sounded close by my tent. "Carol!"

Her eyes widened. Instantly she shrugged into her blouse and quickly buttoned it to her throat.

I knew real fear then. He was jealous as hell and always had a luger holstered at his right hip.

He shouted for the native guard near his tent a few yards away. "You, Short-axe, where did my wife

go?"

Carol raised her voice. "I'm here, Fritz, with Bill." She looked mused, her blouse wasn't tucked in properly... I froze as Kruggmann fumbled at the tent entrance. She hadn't had time to put on her bra. I swiftly shoved it under the blanket, mentally cursing her, myself, Fritz, fate, the world... Her unhampered breasts stuck out like — And me in my shorts!

He came in, suspicious, angry. I watched his eyes take in every damning detail of her clothes, hair and body.

Carol said quickly, "We were just talking shop, darling. I thought you'd be arguing with the chief for hours so I came here to keep from being bored to death."

"Yah?" His eyes flicked like scorpion stingers. "This is very interesting, this talking shop." His round face flushed with emotion but his voice remained steady.

Carol took the offensive. "What do you expect me to do? This is some vacation. 'Beautiful Africa' you said. 'Get away from it all.'" She rubbed an insect bite on her arm. "I should have known you'd want to pay for the trip by filming a TV travelog. It's so typical!"

"I do not like to waste time or opportunity." He was glowering.

She snorted. "Did you ever?"

"You should be grateful. I made you a star. From an eighteen year old gawk I made you."

Her hand clenched. "Yeah... I remember the first time."

"I married you!"

"To get more control. My contract was expiring." She shrugged. "I knew what I was doing. You're getting old. You'll die sometime, Fritz."

He was very still. He turned to me. "Why didn't you film when I shot that hippo today? Why were you shouting?"

"Carol could have been killed!"

"You fool! I planned the scene that way!"

"You didn't tell me about it."

"I told you to keep filming! Can't you obey orders?"

"Kruggmann, just because you're worth forty million —"

"If you can't do as you are told the word will get around. What would you do, Cooper, out of a job, on the list?"

"Put me on the blacklist and I'll sue you so fast —"

"But there is no list, is there? No one has ever proven a list exists."

He had the power of life and death and he knew it. I hated and feared him and he knew that, too. And loved it. How sweet is power



when you can give orders to people who hate you.

He continued, "Tomorrow you will keep filming till I tell you to stop. You will do exactly as I say!"

I said nothing.

"We leave early tomorrow. There is a herd of hippo ten miles upriver. We will have a full... dangerous... day. Have the cameras ready."

"Will I have to use that dugout platform again? The thing is top-heavy."

His smile chilled. "That is part of my plan. It should provide some interesting footage."

I swallowed and nodded. He wouldn't have to use the luger or the rifle. That precarious contraption of joined dugouts wouldn't last five minutes in the midst of a herd of surfacing, angry hippos. Krugmann was an old-fashioned man; he didn't like being cuckolded.

WE REACHED THE herd at noon the next day after long hours of hearing the paddlers' grunting work song. The natives were tired and fearful when at last we heard the high pitched hippo roaring and trumpeting.

Krugmann was in one dugout without Carol. I was perched with a heavy movie camera on the tiny catamaran.

We rounded a reed encrusted bend in the sluggish muddy river and saw them... at least twenty black and grey monsters.

My paddlers were nervous as hell. They knew the hippo to be a dangerous beast, not the cuddly awkward innocent creature portrayed in Disney's cartoons. In river water the hippo is deadly when angered or frightened.

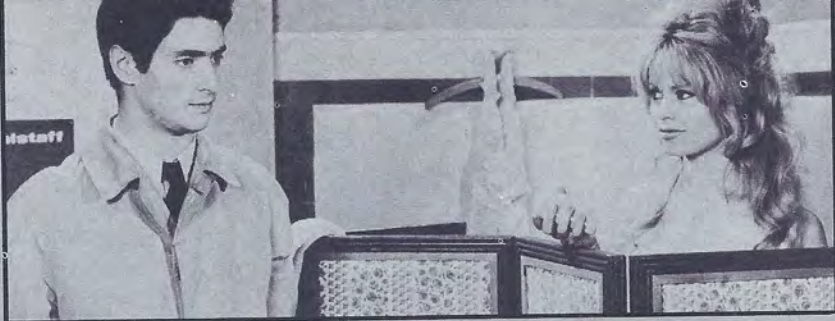
My stomach tightened. Krugmann was out to kill me. He wanted revenge on both of us! I thought of Carol's proposition. But even if I wanted to kill him I didn't have a gun. There were witnesses all around.

Fritz ordered his dugout brought close to mine. "Get in close! Get good shots! I am putting Carol on that spit of land there." He pointed at a finger of muddy river bank that extended into the eddying water perilously close to the herd. "She will pretend to be interested in the hippo, then frightened. I will be on the far shore there..." He pointed again. "...and will direct further. I will protect you." He hefted the rifle.

Carol looked grim and frightened. She realized what he was doing.

My mouth was so dry I couldn't

—turn to page 56



THE TRUTH

## MOVIE REVIEW by ANTHONY R. NOVAK



ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS

THE TRUTH and ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS, from France and Italy, respectively, are making American movie censors cry uncle. They contain scenes of sex and violence which would never have reached stateside theaters a few years ago, but which are handled so skillfully that the blue-noses don't have a foot to stand on.

THE TRUTH features Brigitte Bardot—as she's never been featured before. The script was specially tailored for her by a staff of six writers and she was maneuvered by the leading French director, Henri-Georges Clouzot. It's all Bardot and the best she's ever done.

Brigitte plays a Parisian chippie brought to justice for gunning down a guy who walks out on her. The purpose of the trial is to ascertain whether the act was a crime of passion or premeditated murder. The story unfolds in flashbacks while the court tries to determine the truth. It soon becomes evident, though, that "the truth" wears a different face for everyone concerned.

The amazing thing about the film is its penetration into Bardot's personality. She may or may not be playing herself, but she's certainly acting out her own public image: the young rebel who dances a cha-cha in the nude, sleeps around with whomever she chooses and wages ceaseless war on conformity and "respectability." This character has never been examined so thoroughly—and she's never played it so well. THE TRUTH contains the essence of Bardot, and Clouzot deserves praise for serving it up in such a scintillating package.

ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS is an equally gutty saga about a family of Italian hillbillies who move to industrial Milan and disintegrate in its urban turmoil. The widowed mother tries to keep her five sons together, but the fast life and big city corruption are too much to cope with. Tragedy starts when two of the brothers, the angelic Rocco and the brutish Simone, clash over the attentions of a prostitute, Madia. When Simone rapes the girl in public and later stabs her to death, the film becomes an hysterical, almost operatic bloodbath, with Rocco trying unsuccessfully to restore peace in the family circle.

The rape and the knife murder are graphically presented. Both scenes caused such an uproar in Italy that they were slightly cut—but they're still raw enough to leave the faint-hearted in a state of shock.

The epic is masterfully directed by Luchino Visconti, who captures every nuance of the sights, sounds, and even smells of a big, dirty city. The film's major weakness is the Pollyanna character of its hero. It's hard to swallow Rocco as a saint, forever turning the other cheek, sacrificing himself to his family's interests. This contrived Christ-symbolism has no place in the film's realistic framework. Otherwise, ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS packs a heavy wallop.

The standout of a largely excellent cast is Annie Girardot (shown above) as Madia, the bitch who starts the bell of doom tolling. Swivel-hipped and hard-eyed, burgeoning with sensuality, she comes close to out-sexing even Bardot.





## Continental audiences are flipping over Coccinelle — a stripteuse with a truly amazing background

**T**HE NAME IS COCCINELLE — “Lady-bird” in French. She is a singing striptease who has taken Paris by storm. Languorously crooning, swaying her sylph-like body in the cosmopolitan crowd of tourists and playboys, she is the sensation of Continental night life.

But Coccinelle was once a man. Or at least she was formerly known as Jacques Dufresnoy. Her change into a woman makes quite a story.

“I lived as a boy until I was 17,” Coccinelle says. “After I left school at 15, I went to work for a ladies hairdresser, rue Blondel. Many of the clients there were prostitutes and for fun some of them dressed me in women’s clothes and put makeup on my face for a joke. But for me it was no joke. It was the beginning of a terrible conflict which is now ended, since I have been operated on and have

—turn the page



Left: Coccinelle Wears Only The Finest Clothes In Her “New” Life. Center And Right: The “Lady-Bird” Relaxes In Her Luxurious Paris Apartment.

# COCCI





**NELLE**





taken hormonal treatments.

"One day I met one of my former clients, who said I should go to see Mme. Arthur, who had a night club in Montmartre. I was put under contract at once and my life as a woman became complete. I threw away all my men's clothes, and my life as a man was behind me."

But in 1953 Coccinelle was called up by the Army, for the government still had her listed as a man. At the time she was just starting the hormone treatments and they hadn't started to take effect. Coccinelle served for a while but was soon discharged with the comment: "Dangerous phenomenon for the Army."

When asked how she felt about people emotionally, Coccinelle said, "Before, I was attracted by boys but was dating girls. Now I am only happy in the company of women. One of my best friends is Lucky, the well known model, with whom I go to see all the big fashion shows. I get invitations to go out with male admirers, but I generally turn them down — my nightclub work and my dress fittings at Dior and Balmain keep me too busy. But I like to travel, and I may go to the States now." ❀



Left: Coccinelle Rehearses A Song For Her Nightclub Act Via Tape Recorder. Center And Right: Snack Time For The Stripper And A Refreshing Shower.

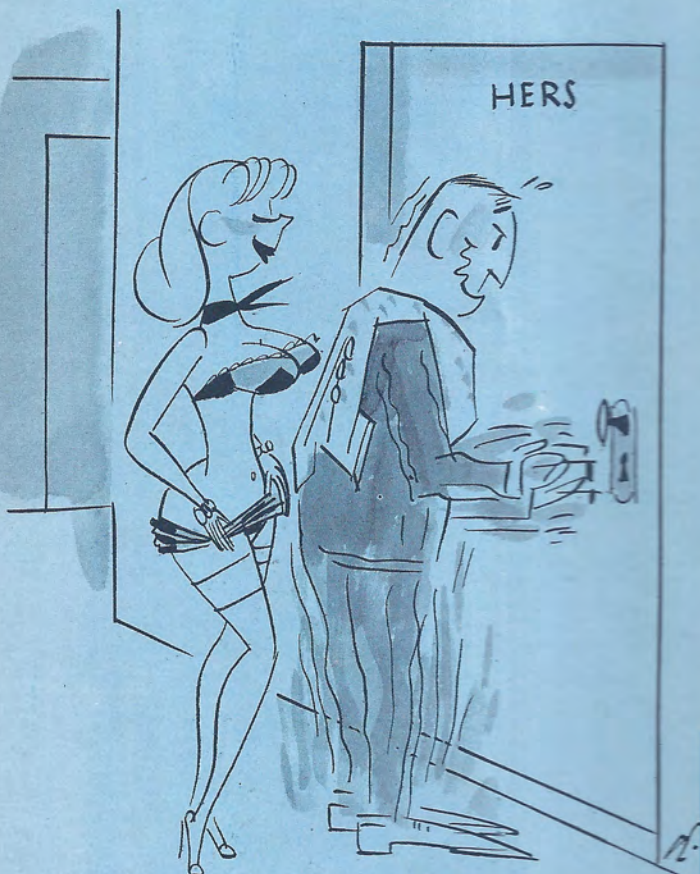
**Coccinelle's transformation was so thorough that nightclub-goers often**





have a hard time believing she's no ordinary girl





**NEVER COMES TO MY APARTMENT...**  
*(...when hers is closer.)*



**BEHAVES LIKE A REAL LADY  
 WHEN WE ARE ALONE...**  
*(... Lady Godiva, of course.)*

ADAM's ideal for a swinging teammate

# my kind of girl

by CHARLES DENNIS



**IS A POOR LOSER...**  
*(... she always demands a re-match.)*

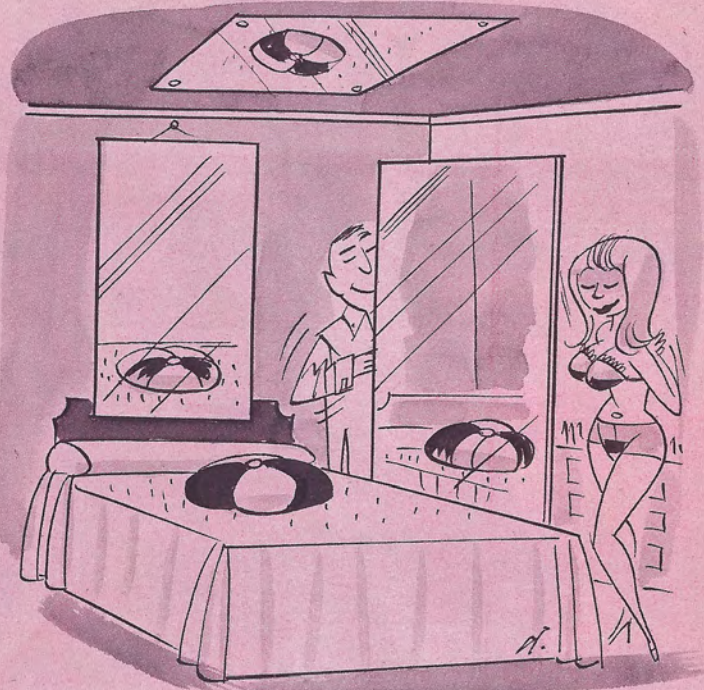


**IS AN EGG-HEAD —  
 ALWAYS THINKING AND THINKING...**  
*(... of sex.)*





**IS ALWAYS LATE DRESSING FOR DATES...**  
 (... and some nights she doesn't dress at all.)



**SPENDS HOURS AND HOURS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR...**  
 (... with me.)



**IS LIKE A SISTER...**  
 (... only a sister would eat dinner with you at the Doggie Diner.)



**CAN'T KEEP A SECRET...**  
 (... good publicity! — she tells the girls everything.)

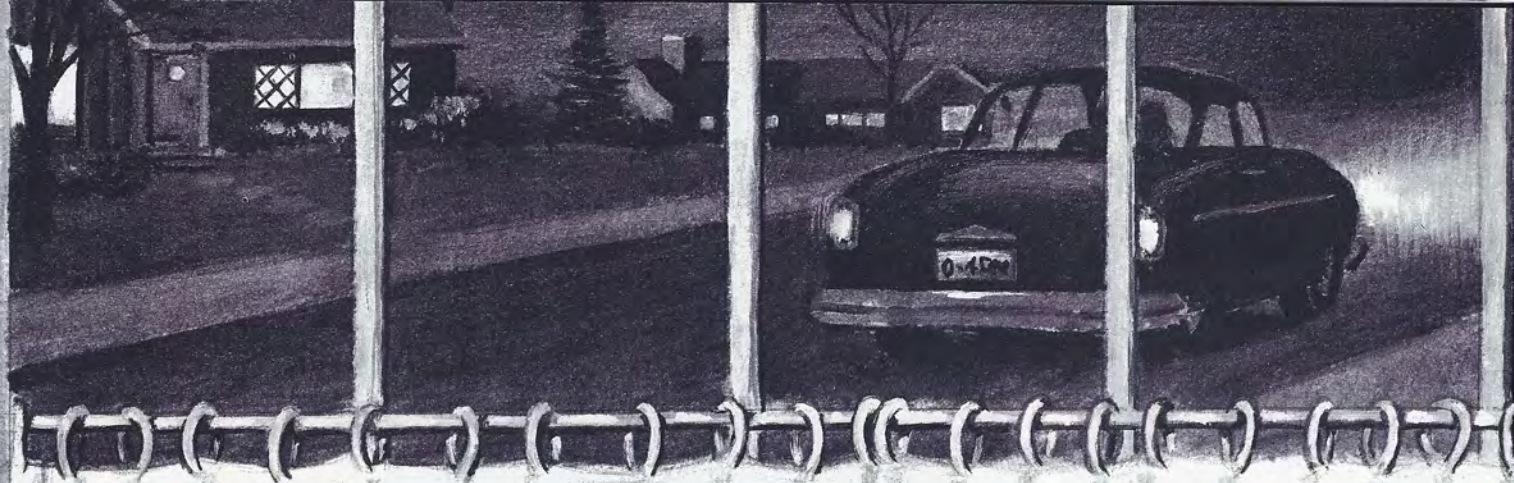


In a game of wife-switching, the mixed foursome found some strange surprises

# NIGHT IN SUBURBIA







**A**FTER THE VERY dry martinis had been drunk and the charcoal broiled steaks had been eaten, Stan Gibson and Jim Fredrick went inside the house to watch *Gunsmoke*. Lura Gibson and Doris Fredrick remained in the patio sipping highballs.

Lura leaned toward Doris. There was a slight slur in her voice as she said "You know sometimes I get so jealous of you that I could yank you baldheaded."

Surprise flashed across Doris' attractive face. "Of me...?"

"Yes and don't give me that baby stare."

"But, Lura... I don't understand."

"Oh, no? Listen, honey, I know your type—you always act sweet an' innocent but when you're alone with a man you really turn on the sex."

Doris leaned forward and put a hand on Lura's knee. "Darling, I honestly don't know what you're talkin' about."

"The hell you don't—you've had my husband panting for you for months."

"Stan... and me? Oh Lura, you're wrong—there hasn't been a thing going on between us."

"That's what you say." Lura's voice blurred and she spilled some of her drink as she lifted it to her lips. "But that's not what Stan says. All Stan can talk about is how sexy you are and how much he'd like to go to bed with you."

"Stan says things like that about me?" The surprised look on Doris' face had changed to a speculative one. "I... but he's never said anything like that to me... I... and that's the truth, Lura."

Lura Gibson glared at the other girl over the top of her drink. "Well, of course you wouldn't admit it if there was anything going on."

"But there isn't. Believe me..."

Stan I have never even so much as kissed."

"Well... that's not the way it sounds to hear him talk." Lura sounded somewhat mollified. "He spends most of his time talking about how great he thinks you are."

"Does he really?" Doris said. "You mean he says things like that about me in front of you?"

"In front of me—in front of anybody else, too." Lura was looking into her empty glass. "I need another drink."

"But he's never said anything like that to me," Doris said. The interest in her voice was obvious but Lura didn't seem to notice it.

"Oh... he's kind of backward about starting something with a girl but once Stan gets started... wow!"

"No kidding?"

"S'way he is... believe me I know all about him. Thinks he's sly, but I know him." Lura stood up swaying slightly, her empty glass in her hand, and went to the sliding glass door of the living room. "Hey, how about one of you big strong men mixing a lady a drink?"

Stan Gibson came to the door and put his finger to his lips. "Shhh..." he said. "Old Jim has kind of passed out on us."

"Well... your arm isn't broken hubby mine—fix me a drink."

"We're out of bourbon—how about something with gin in it?"

"You know damn well I don't drink anything but bourbon. Drive down and get some."

"Well... I suppose I can," Stan said. "But the place at the shopping center is closed—and it's a half hour drive into Moorepark."

"Ah s'what—I wanna drink," Lura said with all the belligerency of someone who has already had too many drinks.

"Oh what the hell—I'll get my

coat."

"Why don't you get Jim to go with you? It's a shame to drive that long way all by yourself," Doris said.

"No—the poor guy's had it," Stan said. "Better let him sleep."

"Well, then, why don't I go along to keep you company?"

Lura had collapsed onto the chaise lounge and her head had fallen forward on her chest.

Stan looked from Jim to his wife and then at Doris.

"It isn't as though either of them really needs any more..."

"But why don't we go anyhow?" Doris said moving very close to Stan. "There's something I've been wanting to talk over with you."

"That's funny," Stan said. "I've been wanting to talk to you too."

A few minutes later the car was pulling out of the driveway and Doris was sitting very close to Stan in the front seat. His right hand edged over to her knee. She smiled encouragement.

At that moment, inside the house, Lura looked up and watched the car's tail lights. When they were out of sight, she sat up and put her empty glass down. There was a sound from the next room and Jim Fredrick appeared at the doorway.

"It worked like a charm," he said walking toward Lura as straight as though he hadn't had a drink all evening. "As soon as I started talking about how interested Doris was in him, Stan started getting excited over her."

"So did she," Lura said, "And it's about time. I thought we'd never get them interested in each other so that we could have a little fun without them being around."

Jim took her in his arms and pressed her down on the chaise lounge, his hand already moving beneath her skirt. 

by **GEORGE H. SMITH**

*Lura approached Jim with lust gleaming in her eyes.*





# an arty eyeful

**Artist, model and elephant buff, Laura Cummings is an amazing gal**

**YOU'D EXPECT THE** willowy, long-tressed brunette to be the kind of chick who'd like to drape her svelte 35-24-35 figure over a couch. But not Laura Cummings! She'd rather raise elephants than play the languid siren.

It sounds odd, and Laura is the first to admit it. After talking to this talented artist-model with her tempting body and warm voice it seemed even more amazing.

"I haven't an elephant yet because baby ones cost \$2000," Laura said. "But some day I'll have one."

"But where would you keep it?" she was asked. "You couldn't have it in your apartment."

"Out at Thousand Oaks in the animal compound," she said, as though it was the most obvious answer





in the world. Then, pointing to her collection of stuffed elephants, she grinned, "I have these to start with anyway. Elephants, to me, are a good luck symbol."

In her apartment are several impressionistic paintings which she painted, art being her other main interest. Some were nudes — self-portraits — others were abstracts. Those of herself were by all means the most exciting.

Besides painting and elephant raising, Laura is interested in acting and studies with an actors' workshop in Hollywood. She took up modeling to provide herself with a springboard to an acting career.

The dark-eyed charmer was born in Los Angeles. When she began working, she moved into a Hollywood apartment with another actress-model. Also part of the household are two dogs, George, a St.



*Left And Above: Laura Works At A Nude Self-Portrait In Her Usual Painting Garb — Nothing.*







Bernard and Henry, a huge sheep dog.

"I know I'm not like most girls, but I *do* like housekeeping, although I always put off making my bed. It's the one chore I hate — such a drag! I keep telling myself, 'I may take a nap later so I won't bother making it now!' Funny thing — I usually spend lots of time in the sack — when I'm not working."

Laura likes to cook, with her specialty being beef Stroganoff. However, her favorite food is lobster in any shape or form. She occasionally likes to read, but she prefers going to movies starring Laurence Olivier ("He's so suave!") In sports she goes for tennis.

"I also like to sing — folk songs, primarily," she said. "In fact, I used to sing in clubs in Colorado and one in San Diego. I started singing at the University of Colorado where I played in *Oklahoma*." Luscious Laura is single and plans to stay that way — but not forever.

"I'm just not looking for marriage at all!" she said. "Some day, perhaps, but I'm not ready now. I have too much to do. It's possible to swing when you're married, I suppose, but I don't think I could make it now. Besides, where would I find the kind of man I'd like? My ideal is a musician with big eyes — and don't ask me why I want that... Guess it's because I like music, and big eyes send me. I *do* know he'd have to be someone who didn't smoke cigars and didn't like cold weather — or have cold blood! I can't stand that kind!"

Laura shouldn't have any worries on that score — with her around things could never get cold! ❄️

About the only things Laura doesn't go for are cold weather





and cold blood









In Andrew's embrace, Marcia lost all desire for revenge

# Change of Heart

by MARTIN COURTNEY

ANDREW WAS STANDING in the lobby, waiting, when Marcia entered the hotel. She came directly to him, kissed him, leaned back a little to look up at him, laughing softly, her hands in his.

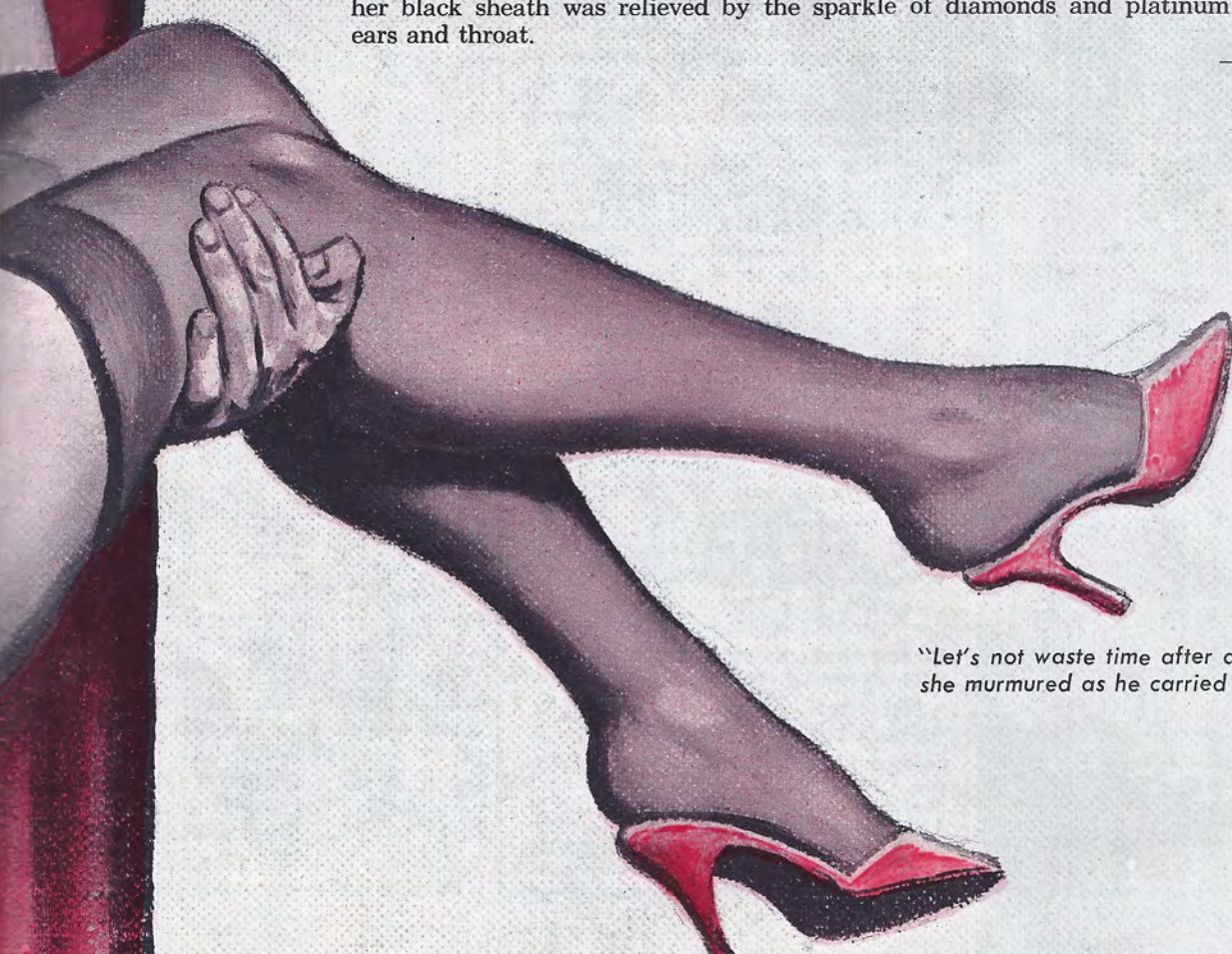
"It's wonderful to see you again, darling," she said.

"Not half as wonderful as it is to see you, Marcia."

They were both good-looking, human jewels in a jewel-box setting. He was tall and elegant in grey, an obvious product of expensive homes and schools, a sensitive man with responsive mouth and eyes, an easy, assured aristocrat in his middle thirties.

Marcia, a vivid, slim, opulent brunette might have been a sophisticated twenty-two or three save for the faint lines at the corners of dark-lashed, catlike green eyes and the lips whose carmine coating could not mask the sensual fullness underneath. The simplicity of her black sheath was relieved by the sparkle of diamonds and platinum at her wrists, ears and throat.

— turn the page

A detailed illustration of a woman's legs, wearing dark stockings and bright red high-heeled shoes. Her hands are clasped together near her knees. The style is reminiscent of classic pulp magazine art.

"Let's not waste time after all these years," she murmured as he carried her to the bed.



# Lothar Ashley's Memo Pad

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Dept.—The National Enquirer reports that Polly Adler came out of retirement recently to hostess a party for the atomic scientists doing research at the California Institute of Technology . . . *Must have been quite a bash! In this age of science the eggheads get all the breaks . . .* The bomb scare these days is giving our scientific brothers plenty of food for research. The latest thing is fallout suits. A new collection was unveiled last month in Palm Springs with the slogan: "Be Safe, and Fashionable, Too!" . . . *The designer must think that, if disaster did occur, we'd care about looking chic instead of just staying alive. Think again, Charlie! . . . Who knows? Soon they may be coming out with fallout evening clothes, fallout sportswear, fallout bikinis—or—"How to be the best-dressed corpse in your neighborhood". . . It's a nutty world . . . If you need proof that there are plenty of nuts around, just read the lonely-hearts columns in the newspapers. Here's an intriguing item: "Young poet, composer, importer, world traveler, seeks a deep, creative girl . . . Now what the heck does that mean? If he wants a good lover why doesn't he come out and say so. Maybe it'd offend his "artistic temperament" . . . On the subject of creativity, they've just put that sexy old warhorse "Lady Chatterley's Lover" on the stage in London. The play has a scene where Lady Constance and her boy-friend make love in a hut—in the nude—on stage! The English censors flipped, insisted that the Lady wear an opaque slip and the scene be played on the floor under straw instead of in bed under a sheet. To which producer Wauna Paul shot back, "The love scene is very, very realistic. If there were straw instead of a sheet and Connie and Mellors were both clothed there would be nothing left. It would just become phoney". . .*

## HEART, from page 27

They stood side by side in the swift, silent elevator that whisked them to the penthouse Andrew had reserved, with its view of midwinter mid-Manhattan, their near hands lightly clasped. Not until they were in the room with the door safely shut and locked behind them, did they speak again.

"Twelve years," he said. "Marcy, you don't look a day younger—and not a day older, either."

She grimaced at him, then studied him gravely for a long moment, "You've lost your girlish laughter, Andy," she said.

It was his turn to grimace. He indicated the tray of bottles and set-ups on the table before the sofa. "Drink?" he said.

"Why not?" There was constraint between them, the constraint of a dozen years. A drink seemed as good a way as any to break through.

"To the renewal of a friendship I have never forgotten," he offered, lifting his glass slightly.

"Cheers!" she replied,

Their eyes locked as they drank—her unexpected green eyes with his unexpected dark-brown eyes. Then, as if prompted by some unheard cue, they set their glasses down, half finished, and gravitated into each other's arms. Their lips, their bodies, met and clung and sought to fuse through the barriers of clothing that separated them.

Marcia had been Andrew's first woman. They met when he was at college summer school, an unsure 18-year-old, on the Fourth of July. They had wandered away from the fireworks, along a riverbank park, and made love as naturally, as delightfully, as a pair of handsome young animals in the mating season.

They had made love on grassy banks, in rented cars, in motel beds that summer. They had continued their lovemaking throughout that year and the next, if somewhat less openly and frequently—until, because his family was proud and powerful, while hers was nothing save a succession of foster homes, they had been forced to separate.

Andrew had gone to another college to finish, had gone to work and to war, had married, had children, been divorced. Marcia had married a young man named Harry, a youth Andrew only half-remembered as a crass, vulgar, rather ugly young man from a newly rich family.

If his affairs had failed to prosper, her husband's must have, he thought, watching her unfasten her jewelry as she undressed to go to

bed with him. Her diamonds were large and many, flawless and very real.

Her call, four nights earlier, had caught him with his guard down. "It may sound crazy," she had said, "but I'm coming to New York Wednesday. I'd like to see you again."

As always with Marcia, simple, direct. He had no business arranging the rendezvous, for his own affairs were in a state of crisis, but he was very much alone and harried, and after all the years and all the other women, Marcia was still the best within his memory. The first, and the best . . .

HE FINISHED undressing first, stood beside the hotel bed, watching her slip out of her dress, noting with silent amusement the black lace dance set clinging provocatively to the still-firm roundnesses of her hips and breasts.

She caught his look and smiled back, albeit sheepishly, her hands behind her to unhook the bra. "I know," she said. "When I was with you, I used to wish I could afford slinky things like this—real kid stuff. But I couldn't resist wearing them."

He said, "Darling!", softly, and went to her and held her close as her breasts came tumbling out of the unfastened bra, full and firm and pearl-pink, their rosettes rigid with desire. He helped her remove the panties himself, then carried her to the bed.

When her sweet, slick softness enveloped him, it was like regaining a perfection that made strangers of all other women, even the girl he had been married to for seven years. This was his last coherent thought as sensation swept over him, and past and future alike became merely subsidiary parts of an all-demanding present . . .

As they lay, still entwined, he said softly, "It's the best, always the best. You and I . . ."

"What would have happened if you'd married me?" she said, touching him, caressing him, pausing to kiss his shoulder. "You could have, you know."

"I know," he said, wondering. A lot of other things had been made to seem important to him then—things like family and the proper schools and social position. And there was the fact that Marcia was far from a virgin when he had met her, that she had quite a reputation as a college party girl, good for a night or a weekend without being too choosy as to her partner.

Marcia had never made any bones



about it—in fact, she had rejoiced that her experience enabled her to initiate him so delightfully into love. Nor, seeming to read his thoughts, did she make any bones about it now.

She said, "I guess I was too fast for your family. Not that I wouldn't have made you a good wife."

"The way you're making Harry a good wife right now?" He was unable to resist making the crack, but Marcia regarded him thoughtfully rather than angrily.

"I don't think a thing like this could have happened if you'd married me instead of Harry," she said. "Did you know how much he hated you?"

"Hated me?" He was surprised. Incapable of hatred himself, he was unable to comprehend it in others. "Why should Harry have hated me?"

"Because you had everything his father's money couldn't buy, darling. Position, a good prep school, good clubs and fraternities—all that jazz."

"And you?" he asked.

"And me, I guess."

"But his money bought you," he told her.

"I guess maybe I asked for that," she said. "Oh, hell, Harry's not so bad. But what are we wasting time for after all these years?"

"That's right," he told her, realizing himself alive once more, pulling her sweat-slick skin close against his, reveling in her beauty. "We've always been able to speak another language."

The language of love, of breast against throbbing breast, of gentle rhythms turned suddenly ferocious and demanding, then lapsing into softer subtleties that tripled delight when at last they unleashed restraint together, amid the cosmic upheaval and thrust of loin and buttock...

I WAS so afraid you'd changed," she told him, many hours later, speaking around a half-sodden cigarette. "But you've only gotten better."

"I could say the same for you—in spades," he replied slowly. "But, honey, we all change. Mutation is the law of life, the only constant."

"Mutation..." The word made her frown thoughtfully, put a faraway look on her face. She shivered and looked down, unable to meet his eyes.

But he was too wrapped in his own thoughts, in his own feelings, to notice. He said, "In the old days, as first anyway, it was just you and I. There was nothing else, nothing

— turn to page 41

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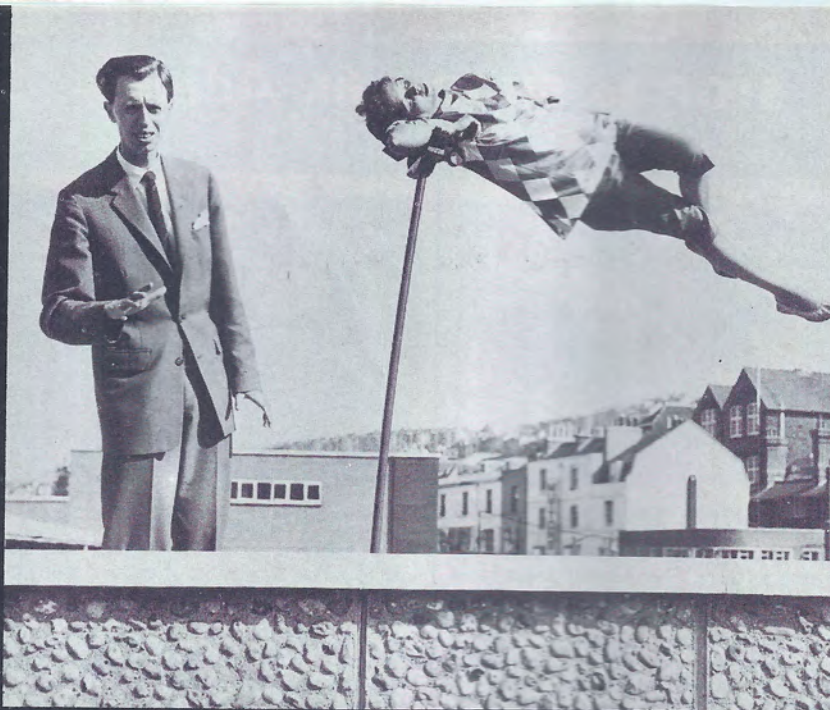
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### LOOK, MA—NO MATTRESS!

A drowsy lass named Carbonita takes to the air with only a broom as visible means of support in Sussex, England. Under the spell of Swedish magician Carboni, she's levitating atop a building parapet.



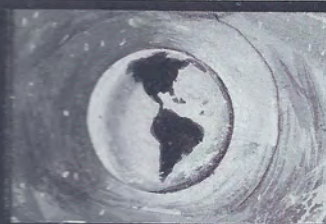
### PEDIGRAPH

Denmark's Edith Conty shows remarkable dexterity as, pen in foot, she signs contract for nightclub appearance. Her act: "Acrobatic Symphony."



### GRAPE SHAPE

Jayne Mansfield, held aloft by hubby Mickey Hargitay, picks choice grapes at a Berlin wine-tasting party. Purpose: to judge "body" of wines.



### WEENIE-NUT

In New York City, Holly Brooks presents the new look in edibles—doughnut-shaped frankfurters. The radical red-hot marks revolution in the hot-dog business—the first time in 57 years a change has been attempted in a weenie's shape.

# Adam's







### X-CITING X-TRA

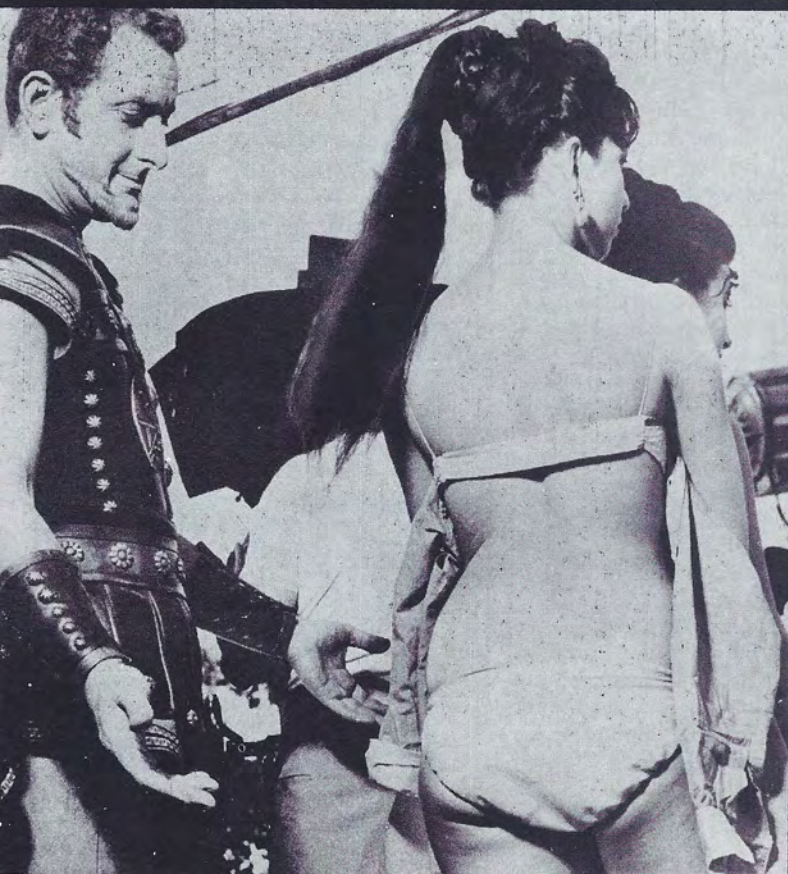
Dutch actress Thea Flammy forms an appealing "X" with her shapely body. A dream in the stream, this luscious lass is trying to break into movies—and with such provocative talents, she should have no trouble whatsoever.

*Photos by United Press International*

## 'round-the-world

### OH, SWEET TEMPTATION!

Fighting his natural instincts, actor Riccardo Garrone is speechless with admiration for the posterior charms of a sexy starlet on the set of "Sappho" in Rome. His look of awe is quite understandable.



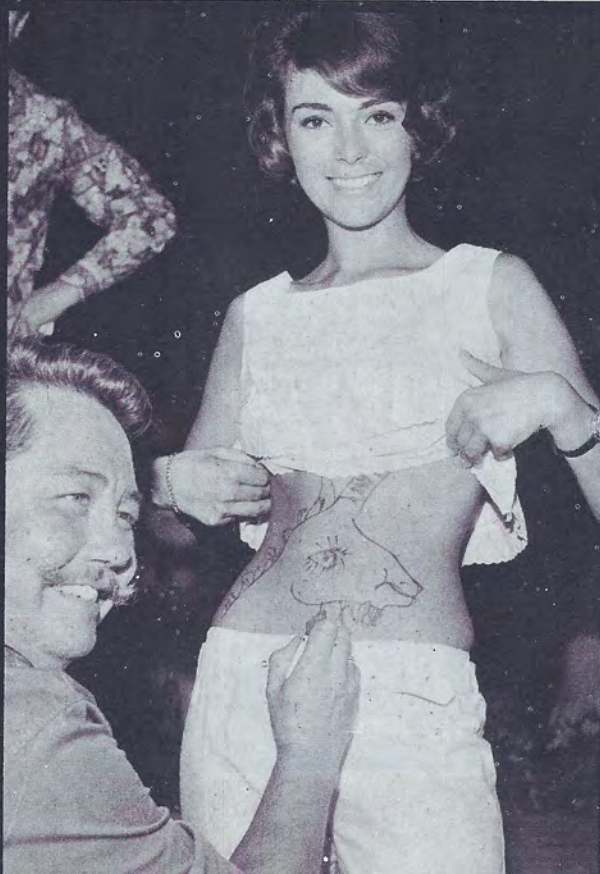
### THAT THERE EYE

Italian actor Giuseppe Tosi, made up as the monster Cyclops for film, "The Titans," snaps pictures of his mythical victims.



### ABDOMINAL ARTIST

Painter Claude Lepape submits a unique entry in art contest in St. Tropez, France. It's called "Unicorn's Eye," and on this cutie's belly it looks like a masterpiece.





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## HORROR, from page 6

—you're glad! Glad because they didn't charge you with reckless driving."

His eyes gleamed as if there were a devil inside him. "Well I'm gonna make you sorry. I'm gonna take back what you took from my wife!"

Laura stirred at his feet groaning slightly as she tried to sit up. Gorgan looked down at her and went on, "That's it, Matt. You took my wife and now I'm gonna take yours! And when I've taken what I want I'm gonna carve her up just the way that wind-shield carved up Jeannie! And you're going to be there to watch. You'll be sorry this time!"

He scooped up my wife like she was a baby and carried her out of the room. His heavy foot-steps crunched on the gravel outside and I heard the door of the car flung open. It slammed shut again and the footsteps returned to the house. Strong hands gripped my arms from behind and I was half-carried, half dragged to the car. Landing head-first in the back I rolled on the floor as the engine gunned to life.

Tires spinning in the loose gravel, the Hudson slid wildly as we pulled away. Thrown about on the floor like a rag-doll I smashed against the side as the car swayed violently. The motor screamed as Joe careened down the drive to the highway, leaving a trail of smoking rubber on the road surface.

Settling down in its stride on the smooth straight road I could feel the car's power unleashed as Joe stamped hard on the pedal!

Using my elbows on the edge of the seat I levered myself upright. An unexpected bend taken at full steam with the tires shrieking their protest nearly sent me headlong back on the floor, but I managed to brace myself against the door handle and stay put.

Panting with exertion I wriggled along the seat and wedged myself in the corner to counteract the wild swerves that were throwing the car all over the road.

A small vanity mirror on the wind-shield gave me a glimpse of Laura's white terrified face. Each lurch threw her forward against the dash-board with bruising force, her golden hair streaming around her face. Her eyes stared ahead wildly as Joe slung the car into the bends at racing speeds.

Suddenly flicking the wheel we bumped off the highway onto a rough track. The suspension shuddered as the wheels bounced over the rocks. Laura, her bound arms giving no support, slid along the seat

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helplessly as Joe forced the car forward.

Easing off to reduce the chassis-shattering bumps, he leaned back in the seat and guided the Hudson with one hand. Watching helplessly in the vanity mirror I saw his right hand reach towards Laura's snug fitting sweater as she tried to slide away from him. Wedged in the corner there was no escape and Joe's fingers gouged like claws into the swelling softness of her body.

My wife sobbed and arched in shame while I shouted and cursed from the back. Joe grinned, grabbed a handful of Laura's golden hair and jerked her back beside him.

Stopping the car under some trees, he turned towards her and used both hands as she cringed back against the leather.

Bundling the sweater up until it rolled tightly under her arm-pits he twisted her around to face him. His hot eyes gleamed as he drank in her loveliness and his wet mouth hung open limply.

Laura was wearing one of those new French brassieres that are open in front to leave the nipples bare. Pushing her flat on the seat Joe's head went forward and he moved beyond the range of my little mirror!

With my vision cut off by the back of the seat I leaned helplessly against the door as a surge of anger throbbed through my body. I could only guess what was happening from the noises that filtered back to my ears. The wet slobbering of Joe's mouth overlaid the soft whimpers of Laura's disgust and I banged my head against the side of the car as I listened in futile rage.

Suddenly Joe's head lifted. His eyes were swollen and blood-shot as he grinned at me across the back of the seat.

"You know, Laura's gonna be better than I reckoned," he leered. "I guess she even puts Jeannie in the shade on some points..."

"How do you think your wife would feel if she knew what you were doing?" I taunted him. "You don't think she'd let you take —"

He silenced me with a brutal blow across the mouth. I tasted blood.

"My wife don't feel nothing no more — thanks to you!" he spat out bitterly. "She's lying up there no more use than a wax doll."

Pausing thoughtfully he glanced down at the woman who lay sprawled on the seat at his side. "But Laura here, she's different! She's a real *live* woman..."

Reaching down he seized a handful of Laura's hair and dragged her

upright. She stared straight ahead with dead eyes, her sweater ripped off and the flimsy brassiere hanging loosely by one sagging strap. Red blotches marred the smooth softness of her skin and a look of disgust twisted her mouth.

Joe's hand cupped over one bare breast, and she flinched at the contact. Chuckling to himself he took his hand away and stabbed at the starter. The motor purred sweetly to life and the car swung back to the road in a tight U-turn.

Lurching and sliding with engine screaming and tires shrieking Joe threw the convertible down the narrow mountain road. With impassive face, he flicked the wheel to avoid the heavy trucks bearing down upon us with glaring lights and howling horns. He began to sing.

White faced with horror Laura closed her eyes as the bends streamed past her terrified vision and I had to brace myself in the seat to avoid being hurled to the floor.

"It must have been like this the night Jeannie had the accident," he shouted back over his shoulder.

I didn't answer. I was too choked with fright to get the words out. He sensed my terror and his mad laugh swirled back mockingly in the slipstream. "Did you ever see her face after she'd chewed through the wind-shield?" he asked. "Mebbe Laura's wouldn't look so pretty either!"

The Hudson seemed to stand on its nose as he stamped down on the brakes. Laura bounced forward violently against the glass as I crashed against the back of the seat. Bruised

and aching I wriggled back onto the leather cushions and breathed a silent prayer of thanks when I saw that the windshield was still intact. A vivid red mark on her forehead showed the force with which she had been hurled forward and her dazed eyes blinked with shock.

Joe was laughing insanely. The car swerved violently as he rocked the wheel.

"It's not going to be as easy as that, Matt," he gasped, tears streaming down his cheeks for the first time. "A windshield ain't so subtle as a broken bottle. And anyways, Laura and me's got some more fun to come before I get around to that!"

Tilting on two wheels the car took a curve at ninety and Joe jammed the pedal down to the floorboards.

The wind tore at my head like a hurricane. I was fighting for breath like a drowning man. Every muscle of my bruised and battered body ached as I crashed from one side of the car to the other.

There was a shuddering lurch as we shot off the highway again and Joe killed the engine. A heavy silence hung in the air broken only by Joe's heavy breathing. Ringed by the dark shadows of the tall trees we seemed cut off in a strange forest on a menacing alien planet.

Flinging open the door he pushed Laura out. Then, seized by the neck, I was dumped alongside the car on the damp grass.

Dragging my wife to her feet he forced her into the bushes.

It was too dark to see any details but I heard Laura cry out as Gorgan

—turn to page 36





**ADAM'S EYE**





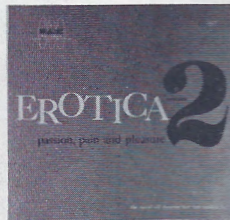
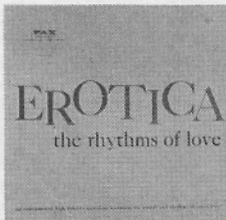




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## HORROR, from page 33

ripped at her skirt. I could see the frenzied movements of their bodies as they struggled together.

Suddenly the clouds broke and the moon's cold silver beams spread over the scene. Straddled across his victim, Joe was grinning, and Laura's nude body gleamed whitely in the pale light.

Dragging her to her feet he forced her to the car and made her face me. "Better take a last look, Matt," he taunted, "next time you see her she'll be looking like Jeannie did when they dragged her out of the wreck!"

Completely naked, with her long slim legs spread apart to brace herself on the sloping ground, Laura looked down at me in mute terror. Her proud breasts thrust forward and her magnificent body tensed as she fought for breath. She shuddered as Joe's hand caressed her with easy familiarity.

"I'm sorry it had to be like this." I tried to keep my voice steady but I guess it wavered a little.

She didn't answer, but I could read the message in her frightened eyes.

Gorgan shoved her aside roughly. Losing her balance on the grassy slope she fell forward and rolled down the hill away from us. Joe bounded after her and I watched...

Lying face down in the grass at the bottom of the incline, her arms still bound behind her, Laura was completely motionless as he bent over her. Grasping her shoulders he rolled her over on her back and she lay sprawled before him like a pagan sacrifice.

I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible scene that followed...

When I looked again Laura's head was twisting from side to side like a clockwork doll's—and a low continuous moaning bubbled from her throat. Her slim hips beat a rapid tattoo on the fallen leaves and Joe's breath rasped with physical effort.

A bitter taste of bile erupted in my mouth. I looked away feeling sick. Suddenly I realized that Joe had left her and was standing there looking down at me. His boot nudged my ribs to attract my attention and I looked up at his flushed face and wet drooling mouth.

"She was good," he said simply and the bile came back in my throat. Reaching over me into the car he pulled a bottle out of the glove compartment and snapped the cork.

"Might as well celebrate before I bust it," he explained, and I remembered how he had threatened Laura. Sliding and slithering on the wet

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grass he flopped down against a tree and tilted the bottle. Sprawled on her back some distance away Laura's soft body shuddered with convulsive spasms as the horror of her ordeal penetrated her stunned mind.

And suddenly I noticed it!

The Hudson was pointing in a dead straight line with the tree against which Gorgan was resting!

Forcing my aching muscles to work I twisted backwards and slowly eased myself into the driving seat. My spine cracked with the effort and a clammy sweat dewed my face as I wriggled awkwardly into the car. Inching backwards on my elbows my head reached toward the controls and I bit back the pain that burned my arms.

The parking brake was now immediately above my head and, straining upwards, I pushed my chin against the safety catch. Skin scraped off my cheek as a loose screw on the gear-shift gouged my flesh and I pushed again...

The catch sprang off for an instant and then clicked back again as I pulled away. My arms were trembling with the strain of tortured muscles and my shirt was wet with sweat as I tried once more...

There was a sharp click and the lever ran back under the dashboard with a well oiled movement. Feeling the car start to move I threw myself forward and fell clear as it gathered momentum down the incline.

Slithering face forward in the wet leaves I heard the soft swish of the tires as the car rolled past.

Joe's scream of terror was drowned by the screeching crash of ripping metal and shattered glass that followed. Lifting my head I saw the car crumpled against the tree. Protruding through the splintered wreckage a human arm, streaked with blood, clawed the air wildly.

Still intact, the liquor bottle slid out from under the wreckage and rolled drunkenly down the hill.

Suddenly the gas tank went up and Joe's shrieks tore the air as the searing heat enveloped his trapped body. I jammed my head down against the damp earth to shut out the sounds. I was thankful that Laura had fainted.

I was still shuddering when the Highway Patrol found us an hour later.

And Jeannie? Well, the hospital did a miraculous job. She's back in town again almost as sound as ever. We told her Joe had died in an auto accident.

I figured it was better that way.

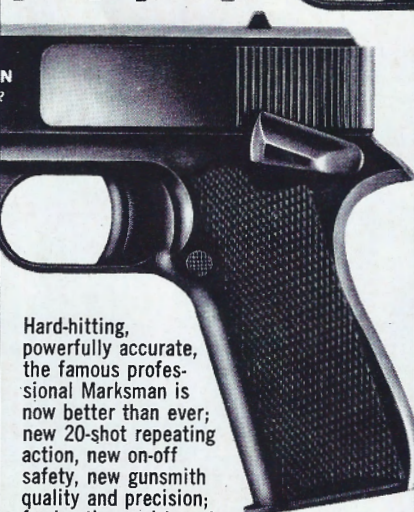
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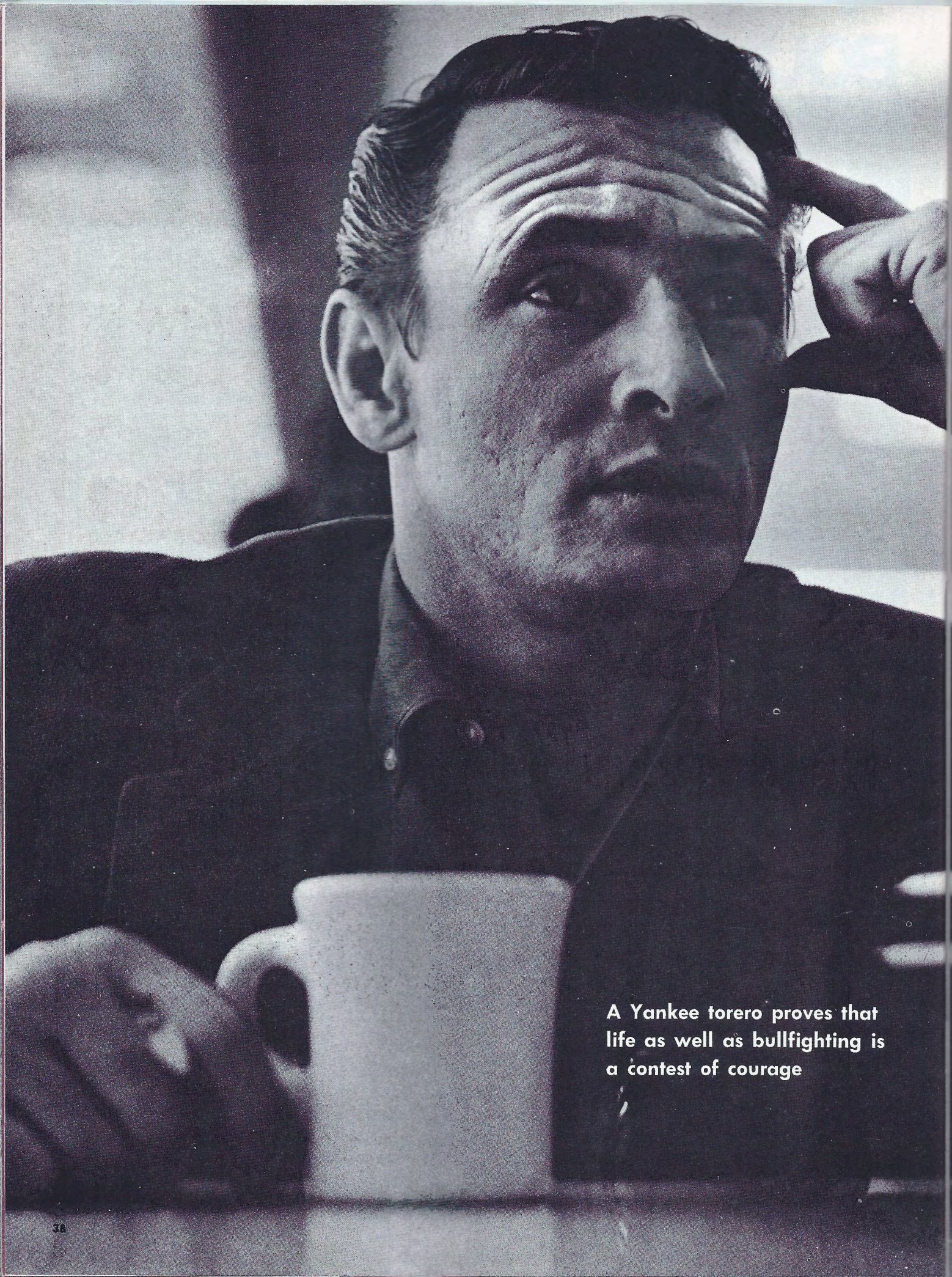
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A Yankee torero proves that  
life as well as bullfighting is  
a contest of courage





# THE GAME COMEBACK of ROCKY MOODY

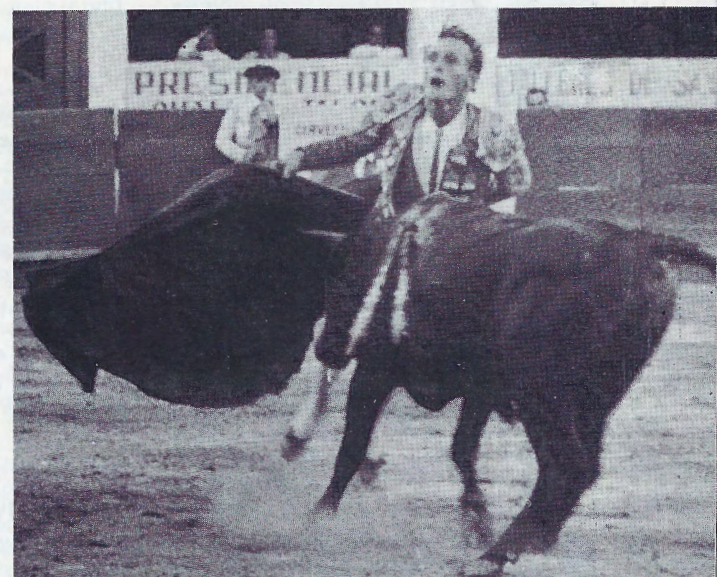
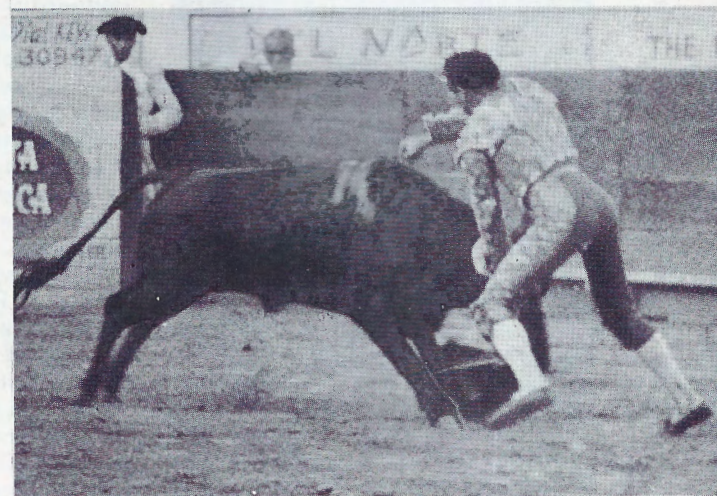
by HOYT McAFEE

DATELINE—EL PASO.

After a nearly 3-year siege of misfortune, Rocky Moody, American torero who lost a leg, had good reason to cheer up. In a generous display of good neighborliness, Mexico's six top ranked matadors fought in a benefit corrida for Rocky—that boost providing him with new hope and the funds with which to persevere in his come-back efforts.

It was on a July Sunday in 1958 that American ex-sailor Rocky Moody—then making his 7th appearance at Juarez's Alberto Balderas bullring—suffered a disastrous goring. A treacherous hooking bull—Rocky's second one of the afternoon—drove a sharp horn tip into Rocky Moody's leg. With a gusher of blood spurting from the wound, the spunky American went reeling sideways in agonized pain.

Bullring aides hurried to his rescue—turn the page



Top, Rocky Leads The Procession Into Juarez' Alberto Balderas Bullring On The Fateful Sunday In July, 1958. Center And Above, He Is Brutally Gored. Soon After The Amputation Of His Leg, He Returned To The Scene Of His Former Triumphs As A Spectator (Left).





Rocky is studying medicine on the side, although he plans to continue bullfighting.

cue and placed him on a stretcher. He was rushed to the clinic near the bullring. Medics there examined him, pronounced the goring a critical one, then summoned an ambulance. Many days later, at Beaumont Army Hospital in El Paso, on the American side of the border, it was necessary to amputate Rocky's leg below the knee.

Long months of intense hardship and discouragement followed for Rocky. His position became so precarious that Pat McCormick, America's best lady bull fighter, donated all the proceeds from one of her appearances to Rocky's relief. He then got himself outfitted with an artificial leg.

Soon thereafter, he headed back for Aguascalientes, Mexico, there to train again and resume his bull fighting career. That was his goal, notwithstanding the handicap of his artificial leg. Despite his high hopes, however, financial misery overwhelmed him and kept him bottled up.

Hearing of Rocky's fight and in admiration of his fighting spirit, Mexico's ace toreros led by Rafael Rodriguez decided that their American neighbor and fellow bullfighter, deserved a break. Accordingly, the big six—Carlos Arruza, Luis Procuna, Alfredo Leal, Manolo dos Santos and of course Rafael Rodriguez—agreed to fight in a mammoth corrida in Rocky's behalf at Juarez's Alberto Balderas bullring.

Carlos Arruza, rated one of the five greatest toreros of all time, summed up his feelings thusly:

"Rocky showed plenty of raw courage in the bullring. His work with the *capote* and *muleta* was erratic and indecisive. But he would have improved with more experience.

"Certainly his ability in placing the *banderillas* (arm length barbed darts) was '*muy bien*'—very good. He was artful. He took chances. He gave bullfight fans many a thrill by breaking off the darts to finger length. Then planting them in the bull's shoulder."

Arruza speaks with outstanding authority on the art of placing *banderillas*. In his historic duels with Manolete in Spain during 1944-1945, in which he outshone Manolete, he was acclaimed as "The best in the world with *banderillas*." Significantly, Arruza won that tribute for his feats from Spanish aficionados and bullfight correspondents.

All of which makes his appreciation of Rocky's work with the *banderillas* important. As to Rocky's pluck and stick-to-itiveness, Mexico's most successful toreros are convinced such qualities entitle him to encouragement—and another chance. That was what prompted Rafael Rodriguez to organize the big six and to combine their talents in a performance for Rocky's benefit.

Rocky's aggressive spirit and love of bullfighting first evidenced themselves one Sunday afternoon five years ago. He and some of his friends from San Diego, California had gone to Tijuana to see a bullfight. All the performances that day proved disappointing to Rocky.

At one point he grew so bored—and felt so sure he could do better than the *matador* then performing—that he took direct and immediate action. Fired with "*espontaneo fever*" he pushed forward inconspicuously to a vantage point. Then, at an opportune moment, he vaulted into the Tijuana bullring.

Catching everyone off guard by the unexpectedness of his action, Rocky produced a long red bandana and enticed the bull into charging. Rocky's "cape work" was considerably less than graceful, but he suffered no immediate injury.

It was the bull's second rush which proved too much for him to handle. The bull knocked him down and trampled him. Even as Rocky was being rescued he received an enthusiastic round of applause from the stands. This probably spared him from being jailed—the usual penalty imposed upon an *espontaneo*. A bull ranch owner who had seen Rocky's leap into the bullring was intrigued and sought out the

impulsive American for a talk. He invited Rocky to visit his bull-breeding ranch near Aguascalientes, Mexico. There Rocky gradually learned the art of caping young bull calves. After several months intensive training, he put his nerve to the test in numerous small village bullfights. He became a veritable gypsy and travelled extensively throughout Mexico. It was a rugged life and one that challenged his stamina, his spirit, and his stomach. He often went hungry in those days because he rarely earned over two dollars (American value) for his "trial-run" performances.

"But," as Rocky recalls, "I was doing what I enjoyed most—learning to be a *torero*. So I steeled myself and accepted the hardship and hunger as part of my education. Even then I thought of bullfighting as the only life for me—as a challenge to a man's love of danger and adventure and his skill.

"One piece of music came to thrill me more than the rest—*The Virgin de la Macarena*. Every time I heard it in those days it gave me goose pimples. It still does."

Finally Rocky Moody discovered that there was, after all, a rainbow of hope. He reached that conclusion upon scoring a "break-through"—his first contract to appear in a major bullring in Juarez. He went on to fight more frequently in Juarez than anywhere else.

It was there that he enjoyed special triumphs as one of the better *novilleros*. Unfortunately, it was there also that he was cut down by the goring.

Rocky's determination to carry on in spite of the loss of his leg has a noteworthy precedent. Juan Belmonte, Spain's greatest all-time *matador*, proceeded to revolutionize bullfighting after he had suffered crippling leg injuries. His affliction inspired him to march out and achieve the greatest triumph of his bullring career at the age of 51!

With such a stirring example to buoy his hopes and lure him on, Rocky Moody intends to pour all his savvy, bullring experience, and boundless energy into his comeback attempt. Thanks to the benefit *corrida* in his behalf, to the spirit and help of Mexico's six greatest *matadors* Rocky will be able to return to the life he loves best.

Now, with money and true friends behind him, Rocky will continue to fight the bulls despite his artificial leg. However, he did mention that, on the side, he plans to study a medical course.

He is a tribute to bravery and determination in the American man.





**HEART**, from page 29

that mattered, nothing at all."

"And now?" she asked, her eyes meeting his, her brief distraught mood shattered.

"Now?" He laughed, but without mirth. "Now we're overwhelmed with others—other people, other things. At least, I know I am. Would you believe it? I've got no more right to be here with you, renewing pleasures I had thought lost forever, than I'd have robbing the Chase-Manhattan bank. A whole business depends on me, on my judgment."

"Andrew," she said, "why don't you get out of it—right now? Why don't you sell your holdings, invest them in something solid, take some time out? You're not cut out for business. You're not tough enough, crude enough, ruthless enough. Let someone else take over before it makes



you old."

"Old?" he said, smiling. He kissed her breasts softly, one, then the other. "I don't feel so very old now."

"Don't, darling." She pushed him away. "I'm serious. Get out before it gets you. I want your promise."

"You know something?" he asked quietly.

Her eyes met his, unreadable. She sighed, said, "Maybe. Will you promise?" she said. "Tomorrow?"

He came back to her, frowning slightly, the weight of decision upon him. She pointed to the mirror, said, "Look at yourself."

He was tired, defeated. Then, suddenly, he smiled and winked at her over his shoulder in the looking glass. He said, "You were right before, dear. You're right now. I'll do it."

He was almost young again as he took her in his arms once more...

MARCIA REJOINED her husband on the big jetliner late the next afternoon. Harry removed the unlit Havana from his mouth, patted her thigh, said, "How'd it go?"

"Okay," she said. "How about you?"

He chuckled. "Thanks to your keeping that snot-head Andrew out of the picture, I'll have his company at the next board-meeting. Jesus, baby, as a team, we're unstoppable."

"Unstoppable," she said dully, looking out the window.

"Don't be that way," he snapped.

"After all, you're too much woman for me to handle, so why not put the overflow to use? If you'll reach up in the rack above you, you'll find a little something."

It was a large, rather heavy cardboard box. She opened it on her lap, separated the inner tissue papers, lifted out the sleek, costly fur. Her green eyes sparkled, first at the coat, then at her husband.

"Darling!" she said, "You got it! The mutation mink!"

"You earned it," he told her, still smiling, still rolling his unlit cigar with its damp, chewed end. "It means Andrew's out in the cold at last."

"Hasn't it occurred to you, honey," she said thoughtfully, "that you're carrying an old grudge rather a long way?"

"You're crazy," he snapped, his smile vanishing. He went on to explain just what the acquisition of his one-time classmate and rival's firm would mean to the far-flung corporate empire he was setting up across the land.

She knew what he was talking about, but just then she couldn't listen. She was thinking about Andrew, about his decision to unload his holdings. She had stayed with him in the hotel all morning, until he had made the necessary calls. When Harry took over the company, it would no longer be Andrew's.

When Harry found out—and he would find out in time—he'd get rid of her. But Marcia didn't give a damn. She was no longer angry for what Andrew had done to her by not marrying her. For years, discarded by Andrew, living with Harry, helping him with his deals, she had felt dirty in a way no bath could cleanse.

Now she felt clean—and free, just as Andrew was free. She closed her eyes to relive their lovemaking of the night before. There would be time to renew it later...

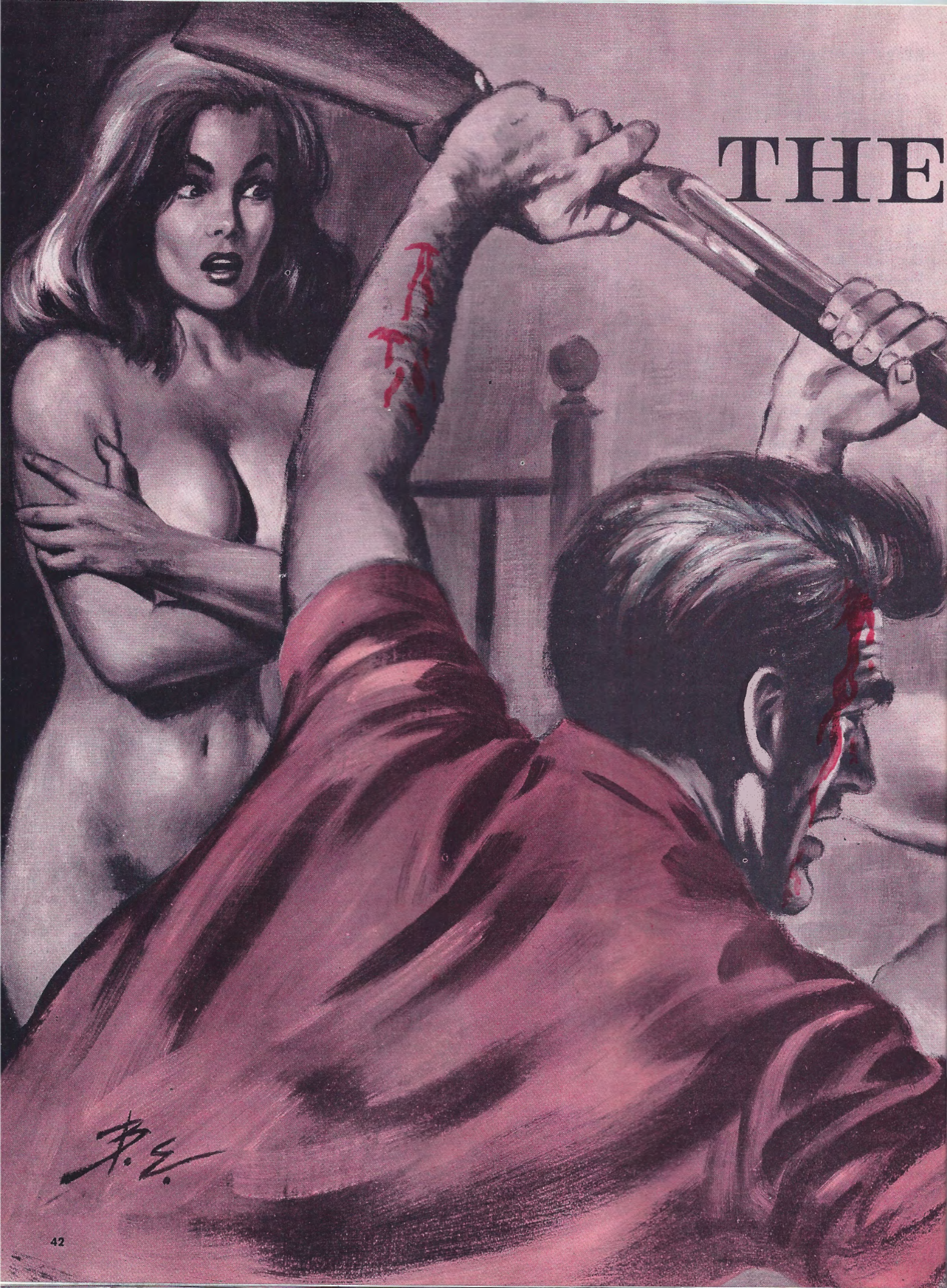
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The fugitives fled across the highlands with one enemy at their heels—lust

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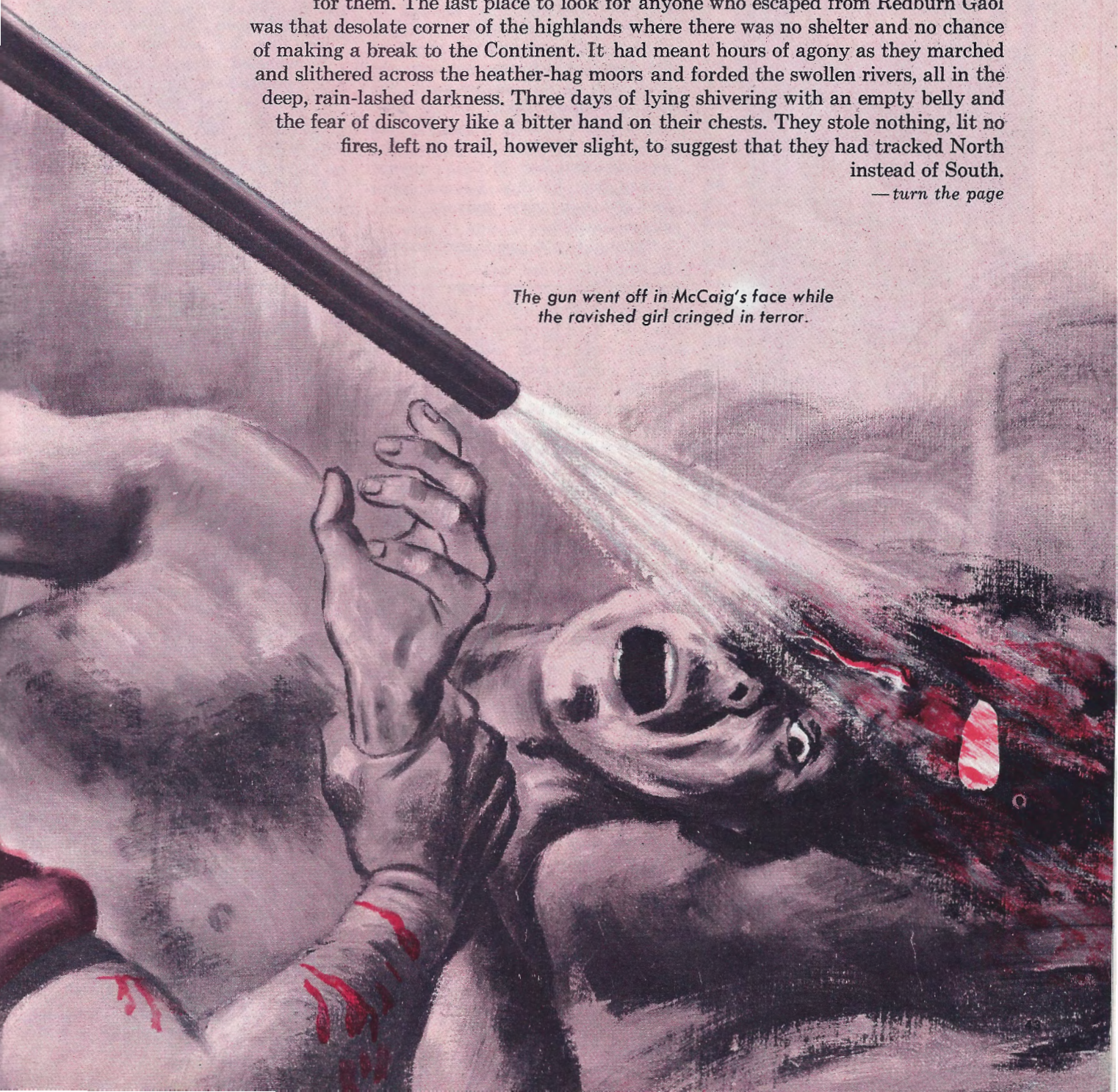
by JACK KNOX

LENNON WAS SURE the police had swung off to the south. He had been right, though McCaig would not yet admit it. They had travelled by night, driving themselves without food and warmth up from the heart of Scotland and into the mountainous regions of the far North West.

- The route had been Lennon's idea, for the authorities would be combing the cities for them. The last place to look for anyone who escaped from Redburn Gaol was that desolate corner of the highlands where there was no shelter and no chance of making a break to the Continent. It had meant hours of agony as they marched and slithered across the heather-hag moors and forded the swollen rivers, all in the deep, rain-lashed darkness. Three days of lying shivering with an empty belly and the fear of discovery like a bitter hand on their chests. They stole nothing, lit no fires, left no trail, however slight, to suggest that they had tracked North instead of South.

—turn the page

*The gun went off in McCaig's face while the ravished girl cringed in terror.*





**OPPORTUNISTS**, from page 43

What bothered McCaig, Lennon knew, was the absence of a plan. When the dynamite charge in the quarry had misfired and the two guards, like the madmen they were, had gone to investigate and were blown up with the half-ton of granite like two rag-dolls, Lennon had been the first to seize the opportunity. Grabbing McCaig, he took off up the side of the pit and away across the moor before the rest of the thirty prisoners had time to gather their wits. There would have been others who had escaped, eventually, with no plan too, but they, Lennon convinced himself smugly, would have been rounded up easily en route for Glasgow or the Clyde ports.

His recollection of the highlands told him that somewhere on the high western seaboard was a small township which harbored the shark-fishing fleet. It had been eight years since he worked there, and for five of those eight he had been caged up in Redburn with no contact on the outside. He knew that the fleet was still in operation, though, for he had read about it in a magazine not a month back. It was October now and the boats would be trailing in from the Hebridean grounds with the last thin catches. There would be no problem in stealing one of the craft, and then... he stopped at that point, for so much depended on the weather. If the wind dropped sufficiently they would have a crack at Denmark, a long way, but he was experienced in handling the stout little craft, and if it blew up he could always head for Ireland. In Dublin he had contacts who could arrange for him to disappear for a time.

He was not depressed by the situation, only by McCaig's constant and childish whimpering. He had not selected McCaig for the break. In fact, he would have preferred to travel alone, but for a moment after the granite went up he had felt the impulse to take someone with him and McCaig was the only one in his quarter of the pit. Now he was suffering for it.

They lay motionless among the withered and dripping bracken on the shoulder of the hill. The rain fell steadily with a weary sound through the branches of the dense pine forest below them. Wordlessly and with the same desperate yearning, they watched the smoke spiral up damply from the chimney of the croft.

"What d'you think?" McCaig said, almost pleadingly.

"Four hours now and not a sign of life. But there's someone there. I wonder who?"

He stared hard at the cottage and the three low, unkempt wooden out-buildings.

"I got to eat soon," McCaig said. "I got to eat soon, Lennon. I can't go on forever, not like you."

"Shut your mouth," he said. "You can go back and eat Redburn grub for another fifteen years if you've a mind to."

McCaig laid his face on his hands and rubbed the chilled flesh. Lennon thought he was weeping, but made no move to comfort him. Suddenly he grinned.

"Look now, sonny," he said. "And see what we have."

The girl came out of the rear door of the croft and hurried across to the pump which was set into the back wall of the narrow yard. She had a yellow oilskin thrown over her shoulder and carried a pail which she filled at the pump. The men watched her. McCaig's tongue flicked over his lips. Lennon, after the girl had gone indoors again, glanced at him.

"Thought you were exhausted," he said.

They skirted the wall and came in fast and low, pressing themselves against the gable.

"Wait," Lennon muttered, but it was too late. McCaig had dipped past him and slithered under the small window. He was at the door before Lennon could stop him, striking the wood with his shoulder. The door thudded open.

They were in a small recess kitchen. A pile of chopped vegetables lay on the table close by a large pot. There was a peeling knife, too, thin-bladed and sharp, and McCaig grabbed it as he ran into the living room. One door led off the living room and, not heeding the two women who had started screaming, from the chairs by the fire, he crashed open the other door and saw that the bedroom was empty. He wheeled, spread-legged, as Lennon entered the living room.

"Look at that now," McCaig said, with a leer. "Two pretty little ducks, all alone."

"All right," Lennon said sharply to the elder of the two women. "Where is he?"

"Who?" the woman asked. She had composed herself rapidly and stood by the fire with a bundle of



"Nothing that refreshment won't put right," McCaig said. "See her. I'd forgotten..."

"What had you forgotten? That half of them on the outside were women?"

"Yeah," McCaig said, and the sudden urgent fire in his eyes caused Lennon a moment's anxiety. He had not forgotten about women — he had not forgotten that they were dangerous either.

"Let's go," McCaig said.

After a slight hesitation, Lennon nodded his head and took the lead, running at a half-crouch down through the high undergrowth, towards the blind gable of the cottage.

knitting in her hand.

"Your husband?"

"What do you want with him?"

Lennon glanced at the second woman, a girl in her early twenties, the daughter he supposed. She was fresh complexioned, strong, with soft dark hair that hung in a loose veil around her face. Her eyes were frozen with fear.

The other woman, however, magnetized the attention of both men. Though older, she was full-breasted and voluptuous, with the challenging dignity Lennon most admired in a woman. Her expression was alert, shrewd, unafraid.

McCaig had gone into the kitchen.



He came back a moment later with a loaf of new-baked bread which he broke, handing half to Lennon. Automatically, Lennon accepted it and bit deeply. Only for an instant did his attention waver as the goodness of the food pleased him.

"Where is he?" he repeated.

"He'll be back tonight. Soon," the girl said.

"Quiet, Margo," the woman ordered. Then to Lennon, "What do you want with him?"

McCaig had re-entered the kitchen and Lennon could hear him rummaging about, the hiss of steam and the metallic sound of a pot lid being dropped on the floor.

"We want nothing from him," he said. "And we won't harm you. All we want is food and warmth for a while."

"And if he comes?"

Lennon shrugged. "I don't know."

"You'll kill him. You'll kill us all," the girl said. She had swayed away from him, cringing toward the comforting hand her mother had laid on her shoulder.

"Not for a while, dearie," McCaig said. He carried two plates mounded with stewed beef and boiled potatoes and another loaf under his arm. He returned to the kitchen to get a pitcher of milk and two cups, which he set on the table, dragged out a chair and sat down.

Lennon knew him, knew that for a time his mind would be fixed on the food, and that only later, after he had sated the most demanding appetite, would he again devote his attention either to the women or to the thought of further flight.

The kitchen knife was McCaig's only piece of equipment and he tossed the food into his mouth with disgusting rapidity. The aroma of the beef having re-awakened Lennon's own gnawing hunger, he seated himself too, facing the women, and watching them carefully, began to eat. He chewed the food slowly, eating with his fingers, but delicately.

"You can sit down," he said, after a while. "But keep your hands where I can see them and," he motioned with his hand, "better discard that nice sharp knitting needle. Wouldn't want accidents to happen."

McCaig continued eating long after Lennon had finished. Lennon rose from the table and crossed to the fire, raked it with a poker and set on fresh logs from the wicker basket.

"Would you have a cigarette?" he asked.

"Beside the clock," the woman said without hesitation.

Lennon, having taken the packet from the mantle, took one, then tossed it to McCaig. The women watched him silently.

"What's your name?" Lennon asked the elder woman.

"Mrs. Stephenson."

"First name?"

A pause: "Agnes."

"Do you know who we are?"

"Yes."

"How? You don't have a radio?"

"Newspaper."

"When's it delivered?"

"Tuesday. With the groceries. By van."

"Tuesday. That was yesterday?"

"What are you going to do with us?" the girl asked abruptly.

Lennon said quietly, "I don't know that, just yet."

McCaig, a cigarette dangling from his lips, pushed back his chair. The noise was harsh and startling against the silence of the room, where the only sounds were of the ticking clock and the intermittent drizzling of rain from the window eaves. McCaig was not tall, but broadly and strongly built. His heavy face was wreathed with a stiff stubble beard, fair like his close-cropped hair, and his eyes were red-shot and nervously alert. He rubbed his hand languidly over the damp denim shirt and belched. Turning from the table he went into the kitchen, where Lennon heard drawers being opened and other noises which indicated that McCaig was searching for something. He noted, too, the glance of apprehension which passed between Agnes and the girl, Margo.

"Think he'll find it?" he asked.

"Find what?"

"Whatever he's looking for?"

There was no need to reply. McCaig strutted from the kitchen with the shot-gun in his hands and a box of cartridges.

"Thought there'd be one somewhere around," he said, smirking. The peeling knife was stuck in his belt.

"Ready for war now?" Lennon said.

McCaig did not reply but, standing back from them, carefully loaded both barrels and snapped the breach. With a negligent gesture he ordered the girl, "Over there." Terrified by the gun and by the brutality now apparent on McCaig's face, she did as she was ordered.

"In the corner," McCaig said. Then to Agnes: "You. Take off the dress."

"This is foolish," Lennon said. "Unnecessary."

Without taking his eyes from the

—turn to page 48



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## OPPORTUNISTS, from page 45

woman's burgeoning breasts, McCaig said curtly, "Maybe for you, but for me it's necessary."

"In fact, McCaig, this could hang us both—just about."

"Shut your stinking hole," McCaig snarled. "They'll catch us sooner or later, and I got eighteen years to do now plus what they add on for this break, so I'm having myself something to remember in the cold winter nights."

"If you do as I say they'll never catch up with us. Come with me now."

"You're not going anywhere, Mr. Lennon. Not 'til I'm good and finished with these little ducks. Whyn't you join me? I can spare one for you. Take the chesty one. You fancy her? She looks like she knows all the tricks."

"No thanks."

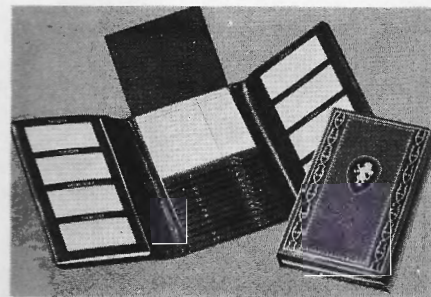
McCaig had edged around the room and stood now with his back to the bedroom door. He had the shot-gun beneath his arm, the trigger against his finger, the barrel tilted so that with one cocking of the elbow he could blast it at any one of the three people before him.

"Right now," he said, speaking slowly, as if the very words had a savour of their own. "You, big one, take off your clothes. Don't hurry it. Do it slow and easy, and in case you get overcome with modesty, just think of this fine shot-gun which I'll be so carelessly pointing at the little duck's leg. Could be a nasty accident—if I happen to get ruffled. See me?"

The girl opened her mouth to speak, or to scream perhaps, but her mother said, without turning, "Stand still, Margo. Don't look at me."

Lennon remained motionless in the armchair, the cigarette held in his thin fingers, smoke wreathing up across his face. Every muscle in his body was tense, but outwardly he was calm. The gun was pointed at him, and he was aware of it; knew too that McCaig had killed before and would not now hesitate to take life.

The woman undressed. She paused before taking off her panties, and then with an almost defiant toss of her head she dropped them and snapped the brassiere catch simultaneously. When she revealed the voluptuous outlines of her body, there was no sound in the room at all except the small man's rasping breath. He gave her an order and she obeyed. Her breasts were heavy, the nipples large and dark, her body moulded strongly with a smooth roundness that caused Lennon, in



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spite of himself, to stir restlessly in the chair.

In an instant the muzzle of the gun was flashed in his direction. "Getting you, Mr. Lennon," McCaig said. "Watch this."

Without turning his back on the room, he crossed softly to the woman and went behind her. He held the gun low in his left hand and with his right stroked and weighed the unflinching body, pinching and squeezing. Only once did she flinch as his prying became too viciously insistent. Her eyes never left Lennon's face. They were filled with a cold, bitter rage that caused him to look away.

She assumed the postures that McCaig demanded of her, until finally he had raised the edge of his lust and was ready to go on.

He turned to the girl.

"No," the woman said. "Leave her."

McCaig laughed, and with a swift touch arranged his clothing.

"Can't you stop him?" Agnes pleaded with Lennon.

Lennon sat absolutely still. A thin sweat drenched him and his hands were clenched so tightly that the cigarette had burned almost to the skin without his knowing it. He could do nothing. Not for a moment had McCaig given him the chance to try for the gun.

McCaig drew a chair to the far corner of the room and set the gun upon it. He had taken the knife from his belt and held it low, the blade against the girl's thigh. Lennon thought for a moment she was going to pass out, but a cruel back-hand slap across the breasts from McCaig reduced her to tears.

"Stop him," Agnes said.

McCaig said, "He can't stop me now. Know why? Because if one of you move, she gets it—the knife. You want to risk it?"

He undressed her himself, ripping the clothes off until she too was naked. Her reluctance seemed to rouse him all the more. The perspiration was sleek on her body; the breasts, young and budded with a delicate pink, heaved with the spasm of her breathing. At last McCaig caught her and dragged her into the bedroom. He took the shot-gun with him and left the door wide so that both Lennon and the woman could watch and be watched.

Lennon knew that there would be a period, however brief, when McCaig's mind would be bloodily overwhelmed and he would be blind to all else but the girl beneath him. It was for that instant that Lennon waited.

The woman pleaded with him in a

low seething voice. She had covered her face with her hands and stuck her fingers in her ears to blank out the frenzied, almost inhuman voices from the bedroom.

The girl's hair made a jet-black stain against the snowy counterpane and her feet drummed on the floor as the long shuddering surges strained her. McCaig arched above her, his face twisted grotesquely. Then he relaxed, imperceptibly passing from a mask of struggle to one of ease.

In that second Lennon made his bid. He ran two steps from the chair and lunged, going in low and hard. In one accurate sweep his right arm thrust the girl's weakened body to one side. McCaig reared. The knife had slipped from his grasp and lay, still spinning slightly, on the floor below the bed.

But Lennon did not have time to think of the knife. McCaig had grabbed the shot-gun from across the bed-end and, fumbling, had found the trigger. Lennon squirmed to one side as the first barrel roared with a nearness that singed the hair from his face and scorched his skin. His head rang and he could hear no noise beyond the deafening sea-roar pounding his brain.

The barrel of the gun glinted above him and he caught at it. He wriggled from the floor until he was sprawled belly-down on the bed, McCaig by his side, their faces pressed so close that the sour, rancid stench of the other's sweat made his gorge rise. The red-lidded eyes blinked close to his, and he felt as if his arms were being wrenched from their sockets as the small man fought to break his grip on the gun.

Their hands fumbled and slashed on the stock. The heated barrel seared his cheek as he saw the muzzle waver past his throat, then trembling re-pass. He realized that McCaig had control of the trigger... only one more inch and he would have his face blown off. Hardly knowing what he was doing, he released all contact with the weapon and stabbed his knees into McCaig's stomach. There was a rocking explosion and Lennon went down, thrown off the bed, stretching for the solid wooden boards.

He must have regained consciousness almost at once, for the woman had just entered the bedroom. He heard the girl, somewhere close to him, moaning. His legs, as he struggled to rise, were rubbery, and his jaw ached. The pungent odor of powder and charred flesh clouded the room. His hand shook as he took

—turn to page 55



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Never fear wifely or legal reprisal while enjoying the company elsewhere of the blonde you met in the bar. On the other hand, if your little woman gets similar ideas, you can knock off her playmate with the law's blessing; should she be so stupid as to resort to heavy-handedness toward your doll, chances are she'll go to the state pen or maybe even to the spark-seat.

She can't even divorce you on grounds of adultery, unless she also proves to the court's satisfaction that you have abandoned her. But one little indiscretion on the wife's part will get you a divorce — maybe even part of her personal finances and ownings in the bargain if you get a truly sympathetic judge, and most Texas judges are husbands.

Another convenience under Texas law: you can refuse to pay your married love's debts, but if you get in a jam, you can pay yours from her resources. Or let her get smacked silly by a car or run down in the supermarket by a pushcart, and you can collect any monetary solace she might receive for her wounds.

— turn the page

by B. G. COX





## TEXAS, from page 51

These are a few of the reasons why old Indian philosophers long have said that Texas is a great country for men—but hell on horses and wives. The western continent's last great utopia of husbandly domination owes its existence to the early-day Spanish wife-proprietors. The boys who ran Texas under the Spanish flag knew a woman's place: the bedroom and kitchen, with just enough privileges to make her interesting in both places.

Frontier-day law and practices still prevail, though teepees have given way to TV aerials. For instance, a good many disputes still are litigated with six guns. Texans are almost as jealous of their women as they are of their horses, so naturally women are involved in most of the questions to be resolved; it used to be a hanging offense to steal a man's horse, and it remains a killing matter to rustle his wife—though he might be trespassing on another spread himself.

There is much liberalism in Texas's justifiable homicide law, which carries the misnomer of "the unwritten law." Take the case of the pimp who went scot free after pistol whipping to death a wealthy Texas oil man, who—so claimed the defense attorney—made unpaid and unsolicited overtures to the romance bookie's woman. It happened that the broad was his legal wife, too, and as such, a technical loophole for murder under the written, "unwritten" law which plainly states:

"Homicide is justifiable when committed by the husband upon one

taken in the act of adultery with the wife." Justice prevailed in the pimp's case, however. He got four years for stealing his victim's Cadillac.

A kindly, bespectacled grandma, tried several weeks later in the same courtroom for fatally plugging grandpa's protege, didn't fare so well. She didn't have a blot on the police records until the day she triggered down gramp's young lovely. But the jury of twelve outraged gents—perhaps thinking about the old glass-house proverb—clapped her behind bars for twenty-five years.

The one-sidedness of the killin' law has been emphasized by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals. "The law does not give the wife justification," ruled the Court, "if she should kill the woman taken in the act of adultery with her husband. If the legislature in its wisdom has not given equal rights to the wife, the courts are without power to do so."

At that, today's Texas married women are fortunate. Not so long ago the state courts not only approved of Lothario extermination, but also sanctioned the killing of frisky Eves. One husband who caught his one-and-only in an intimate clutch with the postman grabbed his .12 gauge and forever ended the extra services of the public servant. He wounded his errant spouse—on the run, too. Then he walked to where she lay writhing in pain, coolly reloaded and finished the job with the second blast.

Later, an all-husband jury rapped the betrayed family man lightly

with a five-year manslaughter sentence. But he was subsequently turned completely free by an even more sympathetic appeals court, which admonished the lower court: "Where the defendant catches the seducer and his wife in such amorous relations, he would be entitled to kill the wife, as well as the seducer of his wife."

In all states except Texas, one proven act of adultery by either man or wife is grounds for a divorce. One such act by the wife is adequate in Texas, too, but not so in the case of the old man. A husband's sleeping around won't get a Texas wife a divorce unless she can also prove that she has been abandoned, or that the acts constitute mental cruelty.

In one case where a wife caught her man making love to his sweetie in the family car (the fool even later admitted the misconduct), a judge ruled the evidence did not support the grounds of adultery, since the wife hadn't been entirely abandoned.

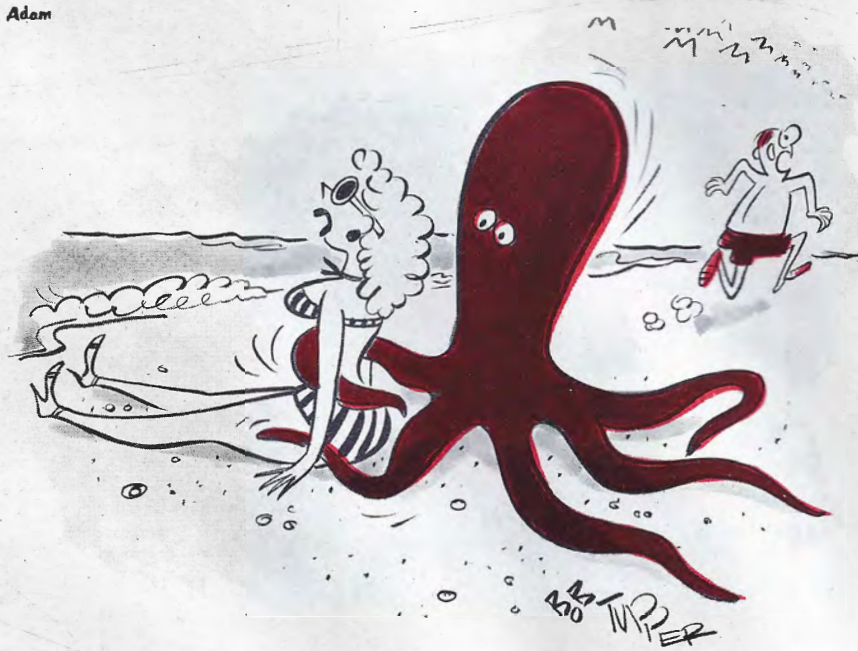
A veteran Texas lawyer said recently he can't recall a single case wherein a husband has been held guilty of adultery, though he did know of one or two where it was proved on the wife. But he doesn't attribute this to the "one act" only required in a wife's case.

"Adultery is proven against women because they aren't as careful when they misbehave," the attorney says. "And women are of a more repentant nature—they admit things later. Also, women, because of the restrictive nature of their daily chores, find it hard to explain why they were 'out of pocket', whereas a man can always have the excuse of being somewhere on business—even if he's with his secretary. Also, a man, I find, is much more careful how he registers into a motel."

Not only in matters of the heart do Texas courts have a protective attitude toward the male. Exclusive control of the family finances is in his hands.

Texans adopted the specious community property system from their Spanish forebears. This system outwardly guarantees wife and husband equal marital property rights—but a rider was attached: The husband was established as the manager of the "co-owned" estate; therefore, nothing can be done with it unless he gives his okay—and in most instances, his written okay.

A wife's earnings, as part of the community estate, are controlled fully by you, the marriage foreman, and under the law, she must turn



"Later, George, later."



over her paycheck. She can't contract to spend her share of the "co-owned" chips because her signature without your accompanying, authorizing scrawl is as worthless as a Confederate bank draft.

The clincher comes from the highly respected Texas Court of Civil Appeal's which once ruled that a husband's right to both his and his wife's money and holdings is absolute. "The husband's right to dispose of the community property is an absolute one," declared the court. "He may expend the joint estate ever so unwisely, may squander it on riotous living or may give it away to objects meritorious or without merit, yet she (your wife) cannot be heard to complain." Profanity aside, of course.

A West Texas salesman put this historic decision to an acid test. A full twenty-five years after abandoning his wife and five small kiddies, he returned to take charge of a sizeable fortune his partner had acquired from a business of her own—a business she launched to put the kids through school.

Shortly after the homecoming, the fellow not only took his "half" of the community estate earned by his true love; he gave her share to a saucy, little red-haired number with whom he hit the road again. Texas law upheld him in this "charitable" act.

Fate smiled just as brightly on a Dallas man whose wife was struck by a car. The insurance company, wanting to keep clear with the Texas law, made the injury settlement check payable to him. His still bandaged and crippled soul-mate looked on helplessly as her good provider invested the windfall in a fly-by-night uranium mine. The money disappeared faster than an H-bomb target.

The pride of Texas males who get together in the neighborhood bistro after a hard day of wife managing is a 40-year-old ex-Army sergeant who had himself a world-wide ball with his wife's earnings from a string of finance companies. He blew \$100,000 of his darling's moola on trips to the World Series, Indianapolis Speedway, Kentucky Derby, visits to establishments in Havana and on other sporting activities. When his irate Mrs., 65-years-old and in failing health, finally obtained a divorce, things weren't as bad as they might have been: a good-natured judge gave the sarge temporary support in the form of \$30,000 pocket money from the lady's almost depleted funds.

—turn to page 54

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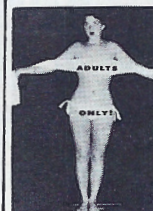
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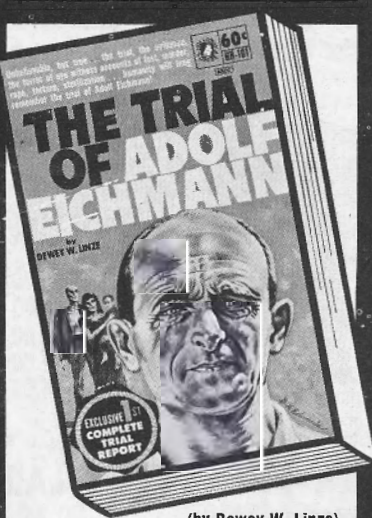
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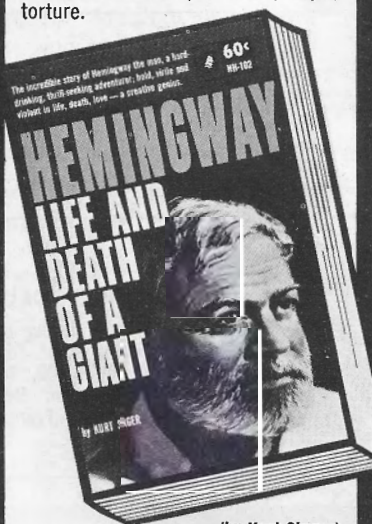
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## TEXAS, from page 53

As a Texas husband, you needn't worry about the little woman running up bills while you're away from the fireside. In the first place, the Law holds you responsible only for your colleague's "necessaries"—an ambiguous term at best, subject to much legal wrangling in courtroom showdowns; then, too, just being on "the outs" with the wife can be highly advantageous.

Texas courts presume that if you're not speaking, you're not paying—especially if you have had the foresight to insert an inexpensive, signed newspaper advertisement reading simply: "I will not be responsible for debts other than my own." Though such an ad is not in itself a legal defense against wifely credit, it's nevertheless mighty effective.

Holding that forewarned is forearmed, one Texas magistrate, ruling on an attempt by a merchant to stick an estranged husband for his wife's post-separation mink stole (not a "necessary"), snorted, "The mere fact, that the wife is living apart from her husband is sufficient notice to tradesmen to institute inquiries... those who give credit to her do so at their own peril." But, turn the situation around, and a husband's creditors do have access—through the Law—to his wife's resources, (should any remain), since her earnings and revenues are included in the man-manipulated community estate.

There's been much discussion (by wives) about updating the old horse-and-buggy laws. But, as Texas legislators once pointed out, more equitable statutes would "lower her (the wife) and rob her of those modest charms so dear to us Southern men."

Strangely enough, the he-man state once had a woman governor, a wife at that. However, Texas males were unscathed by her two terms of office, with the exception that she did establish the right of a woman—even a married one—to hold office in Texas.

But Miriam "Ma" Ferguson was most interested in vindicating the name of her consort, impeached governor Jim Ferguson, and had little interest in carrying the banner for women's right. It was said by many, and denied by both Ma and Jim, that the ex-governor still was the boss-behind the scenes.

Texas husbands have had their uneasy moments. Dark clouds gathered on the horizon of male favoritism in 1913, the year that an apparently hen-pecked legislature

gave the wife control and management of her half of the community possessions. Quickly, the more hairy-chested solons got busy, and with an assist from a Texas supreme court opinion, restored full managerial authority to the proper party, the husband.

The worst blow of manrule in the Land of the Big Wind came in November, 1954, when for the first time in history jury boxes were thrown open to the ladies by a state constitutional amendment that barely squeaked by. Thus ended 114 years of all-male justice. Construction of new jury dormitory facilities boomed after the crusade by the state's clubwomen managed to balance the hormones of jury panels.

The clubwomen and professional dames still are trying to kick hell out of North America's only surviving masculine stronghold by attacking the state constitution itself, the first article of which guarantees equal rights for men only. The women want it to read, "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged because of sex."

Besides the constitution, the anti-wife laws are firmly entrenched in the State Penal Code and the Civil Statutes. Over the years the wife suppression has been strengthened by legislative flukes (though the men don't call them that) and shoot-from-the hip court decisions of circuit-riding judges who were tall in the saddle but short on law books.

There have been times when the pride of Texas males has been felt far from the state's borders. Once a Massachusetts judge, jailing a Texan who had manhandled his wife on Commonwealth soil, solemnly intoned, "I have never known a girl to marry one of the Southern gentlemen but what she got it in the neck." At first Texans considered forming a cross-country posse to rescue the jailed native son. Finally they passed the ten-gallon hats and raised \$20,000, with which they hired a dude lawyer who got their boy out of hock. It proved beyond doubt that state pride among husbands runs strong.

In spite of all the hoopla by Texas' second class citizens—the wives—to overturn the status quo, it must be remembered that it took the women 114 years just to get to sit in the jury boxes, and that they still are classed in two separate statutes with "infants, criminals and lunatics."

Texas married men are complacent, happy, bossy fellows. ☼



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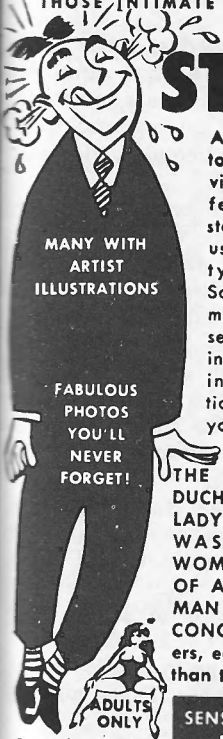
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### OPPORTUNISTS, from page 49

the cigarettes from the packet and lit one. The tobacco put him in control of himself and he helped the woman carry the girl from the room. His hands were gentle on her bruised flesh.

McCaig, or what had been McCaig, lay huddled high on the bed, his shoulders braced against the wall, the tattered remnant of his face tucked in, as if he were ashamed. The shot-gun was clenched in one hand.

Closing his eyes, Lennon gripped the stock and tugged. It came away easily and the corpse sagged down, blood soaking in a swift sticky pool across the bed.

He came out of the room and laid the shot-gun on the table, went back and closed the bedroom door. The woman had draped a robe over her nakedness, and the girl, who had quieted slightly, was covered with a man's oilskin.

"What are you going to do with us?" the woman asked.

Lennon shrugged. He would never get far now, not with his trail hot and with a killing to spur the pursuit.

"Give myself up," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

The woman regarded him incredulously, then said, "Because you killed him?"

"Yes, and because I haven't enough time left."

"I won't ask you how," she said speaking slowly, her voice close to tears, "but if you go now I will promise you an hour."

"Not enough," Lennon said, then stopped. "And the gun?"

For answer she lifted it, swallowing hard as a lick of blood streaked her hands, and carefully wiped the stock clean with a corner of the robe. Then, with almost childish deliberation, she planted her prints around the wood.

Lennon was silent.

"Which direction are you heading?" she asked him.

He jerked his head towards the back of the house.

"All right, you're heading South-East, for Glasgow. I give you an hour," she said.

He went out running, merging soon into the grey dusk of the pines and the ceaseless drift of rain. He did not turn to see the woman and the girl emerge from the cottage to wait until their man returned in the empty clean-strawed barn.

He did not see them because he was running hard for his freedom in the high North-West.

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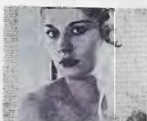
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**MISTAKE**, from page 13

speak. Sure, he'd protect us! He'd miss with a shot and let a hippo upset my dugouts or he'd "accidentally" shoot one of us. He was probably hoping the hippos would do both jobs for him.

Kruggmann landed on the shore. He was smiling, happy, secure. His dugout carefully skirted the herd and landed Carol on the mud spit. She sank to her ankles in the viscous gunk.

Some of the hippos became nervous at the strange man-activity around them. The tenor of their bellows changed.

Kruggmann waved me closer to them. My head paddler begged and pleaded. "Our master, it is death! Our dugouts will be crushed! Our legs and arms will be ground by the powerful teeth! They attack with blind fury!"

I nodded. "I know, N'Kendju, but my master orders us. Bring us as close as you can."

He obeyed reluctantly. The other paddlers muttered and stroked quietly. I stood carefully and put my eye to the camera viewfinder.

My thoughts stopped as a hippo surfaced six feet away from us. There was no warning. I stared at two flaring dripping nostrils, two ridged eyes and a pair of pointed ears that swung around at me like twin periscopes.

The natives gasped and the head man chattered in broken English, "Oh, master, if his ears start to flutter like a bird's wing and then lie back like a cheetah's, he will attack, he will kill!"

The ears did flutter, but only for a second. The huge wet black head rose higher in the water, trumpeted, and then the ten-foot-long, two-ton unpredictable animal moved away.

I felt weak as I focused the camera and filmed his retreat.

I filmed the snorting suspicious herd for hours. The sun bore down like a broiling extension of the muddy yellow river.

The hippos came to accept our slow-moving presence and quieted down. We were able to get very close. At two we quit for a late lunch. It was time to leave. But Kruggmann wasn't satisfied.

"This time you go in among them! They know you now. There will be no trouble!"

Again Carol struggled in the mud, apparently in danger. We edged quietly into the herd, hoping they'd stay calm. Great rounded backs, barely awash, like moving boulders, surged all around. The paddlers

— turn to page 66





## Adam's TALES



### A DOCTOR ON THE ISLAND?

Three girls were discussing what kind of man they'd most like to be shipwrecked with.

"I'd prefer a really good conversationalist," said one.

"I'd prefer a man who could cook and hunt," answered the second.

"As for me," piped in the third, "I'd settle for a good obstetrician."

\* \* \*

### SMART BIRD

A young girl had been given a parrot by her fiancé. That night as she got ready for her shower and had disrobed to her panties, the parrot cackled, "Pretty, pretty blue panties."

Thinking the bird quite smart to be able to distinguish color, the next night she went down to her panties again.

"Pretty, pretty pink panties," the bird said.

She was now convinced she had a most unusual parrot. The next night she took off all her clothes. As she started to get in the shower, the bird said, "Pretty...pretty... and how are you fixed for blades?"

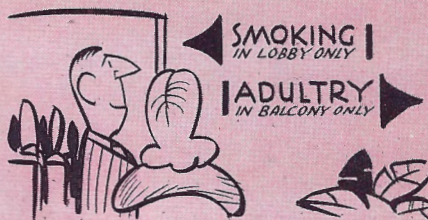
\* \* \*

### CHARGE IT...

Said the bill collector to the lady, "How about the next installment on that couch?"

Shrugging her shoulders, the lady answered, "Well, I guess it's better than having to give you money."

\* \* \*



### WHERE THERE'S FIRE...

An ancient aunt was chiding a young lady for smoking. "It's a disgusting habit," she wheezed. "Why, I'd sooner be caught in adultery than to be seen with a cigarette hanging from my lips."

To which the girl replied, "Who wouldn't?"

\* \* \*

### SPACE SEX

"What do they call intercourse in outer space?"

"Outercourse."

\* \* \*

### ADVERTISING PAYS

The most popular debutante at a recent Los Angeles society ball was Miss Althea S. Sanders, whose gown was so low cut in back that it revealed her initials.

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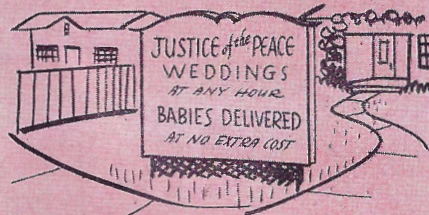
### HOW TO GET CAST

A Broadway chorus girl was exulting over winning a role in a forthcoming play.

"I just know I was made for the part," she said.

"Shh," cautioned her friend, "you don't have to tell everybody."

\* \* \*



### NOT SO "COUTH"

A mother was wailing over the marriage of her daughter to a rather unpleasant character.

"He's such a loud-mouth," she said. "He's loud in everything he does. Why, even at the wedding, when the minister asked if he took this woman to be his lawful wedded wife, he said, 'Yeah, sure, I take this broad.' Why, it so upset my daughter that she almost had a miscarriage."

\* \* \*





# Death of



When they made love on the beach she yielded to a certain point and then stopped him.





# a Tease

by RICHARD L. SARGENT

Was she  
a lying bitch or a  
woman in love?  
Jason knew  
only that she had  
led him on too long

JASON ELLIOT SMILED at the tall brunette who had just entered his Sunset Strip apartment. There had been some possibility she would ignore his note.

He managed to radiate smug confidence which he knew would annoy her as he said, "You couldn't resist coming, could you? I knew you would. It's one more chance to dramatize your pedestrian life, isn't it Harriet?"

She reacted as if he had slapped her. He waved toward the couch, "Sit down — relax."

As if shaken and unsure of herself, she moved away from the door and sat down. "Perhaps . . . perhaps I shouldn't have come at all. I . . . I thought . . ."

Jason smiled. And when Jason smiled, which was seldom now, his rail-thin body and face could have been mistaken for those of Satan. The girl stared up at him as if assessing the startling changes the last few months had wrought.

Jason had lost much weight during the struggle to rid himself of the warm and tender feelings he had once held for this woman — love had been a disease, but now he had fully recovered.

— turn the page



## TEASE, from page 59

"You still cross your legs to show an enticing amount of knee; don't you, dear?" Jason asked it with the attitude of an animal sneering at a huntress' clumsy snare. "Even for me—a toy you've cast aside? And the dangling jewelry—you always play with it when you're nervous. You once told me you didn't know it was a device to attract male attention. And that nervous, twitching swing of a perfectly divine leg—that too contributes to the picture of the Perfect Tease—yes, I like that—it will be your epitaph."

Her brown eyes widened as if she understood the implication. She began to breathe faster, her full breasts rising and falling as if working up to hurdling the slight barrier imposed by the low, square-cut, neckline of her blue dress. "That's not true, Jason—I'm not a tease. I never lied to you—from the beginning I told you we shouldn't see each other—that I could never leave my husband..."

Her voice wavered on the high edge of panic. Jason chuckled. "Ah, yes, you told me that the night on the beach—that mad, wonderful night, when I fell so thoroughly in love with you. I still remember that night—every kiss, each intimate caress that was to be an unfulfilled promise. We had dinner at Flagg's, then strolled on the beach in the moonlight. And when I kissed you, we fell to the sand, fully clothed. I worked my hand up under your dress, and you didn't seem to mind. And then, you stopped me. Oh, yes, dear Harriet, I remember that night, and all those that followed. Do you ever think about those petting sessions we had up on Mulholland Drive? So many, many times we almost had intercourse, but you always begged me to stop, and loving you, somehow I managed to do so. God—what a fool I was!"

He was enjoying this now. It was exactly as he'd planned it all these months. "And then," he went on, "there was the night you came up to my apartment. You do remember that night, don't you my sweet? I believe your best line—delivered while you were trying to find the skirt and blouse that came off so easily—was: 'I won't be raped by a man who says he loves me'. It was a superb line, dear. I felt the perfect cad—exactly what you wanted, wasn't it? The ultimate of your successful career as a tease—to be able to take a man even to that point, and then, even then, make him stop. Oh, it must have been sheer triumph, for you! How

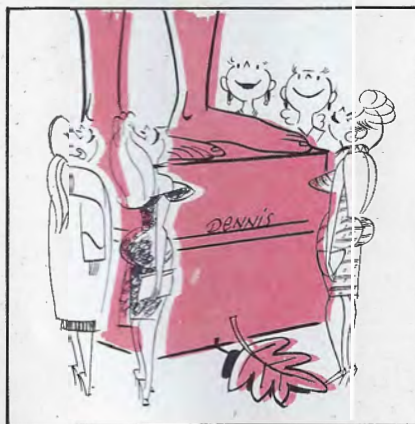
very often I've wished I had that moment to live over—I would have raped you—I damned well should have. Perhaps that's what you really wanted..."

Her hands clenched, she leaned forward, throwing the words at him. "I didn't, you know I didn't. I didn't know—I trusted you..."

Jason's hand whipped out, smashing across her mouth. He watched her recoil, savoring the whimpering cry, and the one hand pressed to the livid flesh. "Dear heart," he said, "I've wanted to do that for the longest time. It gave me great satisfaction."

She glanced toward the door, then tried to get up. He slammed her back down on the couch. Stepping back, he drew a small silver plated automatic from the pocket of his dressing gown. "If you try that again, I shall kill you instantly."

He had spoken each word with careful precision, and the pale light of terror went on in her eyes as if she realized he meant it.



"Why, darling, you're looking at me as if you thought I were quite mad. That isn't the case at all. I have simply decided that there is only one way to keep you from playing the vamp—and that—that is to kill you. You see, all these months, I've been thinking about you—brooding if you like—and wondering what poor damned fool you were playing games with now. I felt damnably sorry for him—whoever it might be, and guilty for allowing it to happen. And so I set a date—tonight—the very anniversary of that night on the beach. Throughout these months, I've been building up the determination to kill you. It's worked admirably, for seeing you now, quivering, afraid, I know I shall have no trouble pulling the trigger. The man who kills you deserves a medal—but of course I doubt that I'll receive one. A judge and jury would have to have known you—know exactly what a rotten bitch you are—to call it justifiable

homicide."

Very slowly, she stood up. Her eyes wide and glazed in the same way as one who watches death approaching and knows there is no way to avoid it.

"Jason..." the sound fought hysteria to be heard, "you're mad—insane..."

He laughed. A fine coating of perspiration was sparkling on her face. Her voice became pleading as she said, "Jason... please listen to me..."

"No. I've grown tired of listening to you—to your lies."

She stopped in the center of the room as if her back had hit a solid wall. "Do you know why I came here tonight? I came because I couldn't help it. I wanted to see you again, even though I knew that once I saw you, it would start all over between us. I wanted that, Jason. I wanted it so much I couldn't resist. I've left him, Jason. I can't go on living with him and being in love with you. And I do love you, Jason, I've always loved you..."

Jason's laughter rose to a hysterical pitch. It broke suddenly, and he was calm again. "But my very dear Harriet, aren't you forgetting all about your high morals and respect for the bonds of marriage? You told me so often he wouldn't give you a divorce—that he would kill you before he'd let you go, but that you could not commit that ultimate act of physical infidelity because of your personal beliefs regarding hell and damnation. I could never understand why meeting me on lonely roads for our little sessions was any different than if we had gone to a motel, but I tried to understand how you might feel about sex. Oh, and by all means, do not omit the part that goes... how is it now? Ah, yes, you were trapped into a marriage of convenience, and into a life you never wanted. Really dear, you do that bit so well—so much pathos and sincerity. I believed it then—but it only works once. I'm quite immune to it now."

Agonized tears glistened at the edges of her eyes. "Jason... Jason, you've got to believe me. I know I said all of those things—and I meant them. But I want you, Jason—I want you so much I'll leave him. We'll get away—somewhere where he can never find us. I'll live with you, Jason, I'll divorce him and marry you... anything you want... anything."

"Ah, darling, you sound so earnest, so sincere, but then I must remember that you are putting on an act to save your life."



"Jason — think — why else would I come here tonight?"

"Simply because you didn't know what I'd do if you did not come. I believe you once said your husband would like evidence of one of the affairs he often suspected you of — to use to cut you out of any settlement or alimony if he decided to let you go. And you think that I might be able to give him dates, places, times, and even a few of your precious notes which you know I've saved. There's nothing too incriminating — you've always been careful — but I could make a rather good witness for him, couldn't I?"

"No, Jason, it's not that way at all — I swear it!"

And then, as if she'd seen the sudden change in his eyes, she started to cower away. Her mouth trembled as if trying to form words. The barrel of the automatic followed her every movement — a snake ready to strike.

Step by faltering step, she backed to the door. Her hand went out for the knob, searching for it, her eyes on him.

The first bullet hit her in the stomach. She clasped both hands over the wound, stretching upward. Her face contorted and a silent scream was on her lips. Jason shot her again — a third time.

She fell to the floor, sprawling, half lying on her back. Her brown eyes were glazed by death. A trickle of blood escaped one side of her mouth and rolled down her cheek.

He walked over to her and nudged her body with the toe of his left shoe. "Lying, teasing, rotten bitch," he said tonelessly, "you got exactly what you deserved."

He turned and went to the phone. He picked it up and dialed, then waited through several rings for an answer.

"Good evening. This is the police station? Very good. Jason Elliott calling. I have a bit of a problem — I've just shot a young woman and she's lying quite dead in my living room. If you're not awfully busy, I'd appreciate it if you'll send a man around to tend to it. Yes... yes, of course, I'll be waiting right here."

AT THAT MOMENT, some miles away, a tall blond man picked up a note that had been lying on his wife's dressing table. He opened it. The note told him quite simply that his wife could not tolerate living with him any longer and that she was leaving him to be with the man she really loved — Jason Elliott.

# In Los Angeles?

If you live in Los Angeles, or are planing a trip to Los Angeles anytime before September 1, 1962, or if you have friends and relations in Los Angeles... you can take advantage of the most extraordinary value ever presented in the food and entertainment business. Read the ad below carefully. Read what the top dining out editors in Los Angeles have to say:

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Membership for one year is only **\$5** and you receive a handsome, pocket-sized check book containing 26 individual dinner checks. Each check is worth the full price of one complete deluxe dinner with the purchase of a dinner of equal value. You get two dinners for the price of one: Filet Mignon, New York Steak, Prime Rib, Australian Lobster Tail, Scallopini, Sirloin, etc.—the finest! Just one dinner check can more than repay the total cost of the entire check book—there are 26 in all! Your book is valid until September 1, 1962.

To become a member, just fill out the application coupon below and send it to Invitation Dinners. Enclose \$5 cash, check or money order. If you would like to receive additional applications for friends or relations, indicate the number desired. When you receive your Invitation Dinners' Dinner Guest Check Book, you can start using it and enjoying it at once. If within 10 days you are not completely satisfied, just return the unused book and your \$5 will be refunded in full at once. Don't miss this opportunity. Limited membership, act now!

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Enclosed is \$5 cash, check or money order for year's membership ending September 1, 1962. Please send Invitation Dinners' Dinner Guest Check Book containing 26 dinner checks. I understand that I may start using my dinner checks immediately and I must be completely satisfied or I can return the unused book within 10 days and my money will be refunded.

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MAIL THIS  
APPLICATION TODAY







A Sexy Take-Off On Hugo's "Hunchback Of Notre Dame" Is Top Attraction. Right: Girls Like This Make The Sex Appeal Popular.



Even blase Parisians are beginning to gasp at the scintillating shows in Europe's hottest night spot

# Le SEX

# APPEAL



IN PARIS, A city noted for its daring displays of nudity, Le Sex Appeal is managing to shock even the jaded Parisians.

- Le Sex Appeal is a swank night spot just off the Champs Elysees. It is run by an Amazon doll, former show-girl with the Folies Bergere, Madame Alex. She is about the only fully clothed girl in the place. Patrons remember her vividly for her appearance and for the fact that she was once the woman's shotput champion of France.

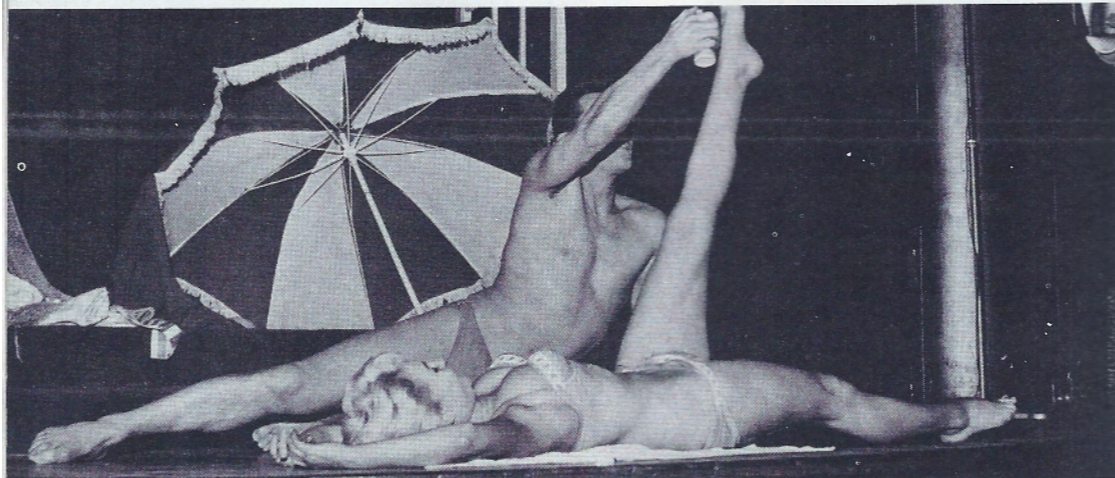
- Most clubs in Paris indulge in lavish costumes and settings as well as nudity, but Le Sex Appeal aims more for the dramatic and the unusual in its type of acts. Consequently, it is drawing curious audiences looking for something different. They see plenty of nude girls and they also get a look at some bizarre routines.

- Perhaps the most daring is a comic take-off on "Quasimodo and Esmeralda" from Victor Hugo's famed classic, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Middle class tourists, who often comprise a good part of the audience, stare in delighted amazement as the hunchback plays fast and loose with his curvy partner. As the sex part grows in intensity, the audience simply sits in awe. Recently, however, there was one exception. A German woman from Hamburg left in the middle of the show with a disdainful comment, "You should zee vat ve haf in Hamburg!" Hamburg is noted for its "all out for sex" shows.

- Another act that attracts plenty of attention is a blonde girl, dressed in a gold lame type of "spacesuit," who snakes up to an idol and wiggles her way out of the outfit. After gaping at her act, one man was heard to say, "There's not a better body near the Champs Elysees." He didn't find anyone arguing with him about that.







Top: This Sensuous Dance Act Gets Gasps. Above: Bare-Bosomed Belles Not Only Parade Around But Also Get Involved In The Comedy Acts.

Opposite Page: Top: A Dance Before A Voodoo Idol Is A Show-Stopper. Other Photos Display Nudity.



- A highly sensuous dance act features a man and a woman dressed in next to nothing. The man wears a very brief loin cloth and the girl a mere band around the lower part of her body and a strap over her breasts. However, the strap is so arranged as to reveal her breasts to fullest advantage. A feature of the acts is a caressing of the girl's body by the man, and it is done with enough eroticism to make even the most blasé person sit up and stare.
- Comedy also plays its part in the show, with a rather bulky male doing a take-off on a strip tease. He usually gets a goodly share of laughs — but even the more comic moments are spiced with sex.
- Tourists in Paris have begun to flock to Le Sex Appeal because of its unique show. Nudity is, of course, nothing new in the City of Lights, so there is a constant demand for a show that will present it in a more exciting manner. Madame Alex thinks she has found the answer at her intimate *boite*. When she finds an act doesn't excite enough she takes it out and puts one in with spice. The more sensational the number the more her customers like it. One of her jobs is to find new ways to reveal bare breasts and derrieres. She has succeeded nobly already. Yet, Le Sex Appeal is not just for the tourists. Parisians find it to their taste. In a way, the club is becoming a local favorite, much as The Crazy Horse was for some time. The latter is a

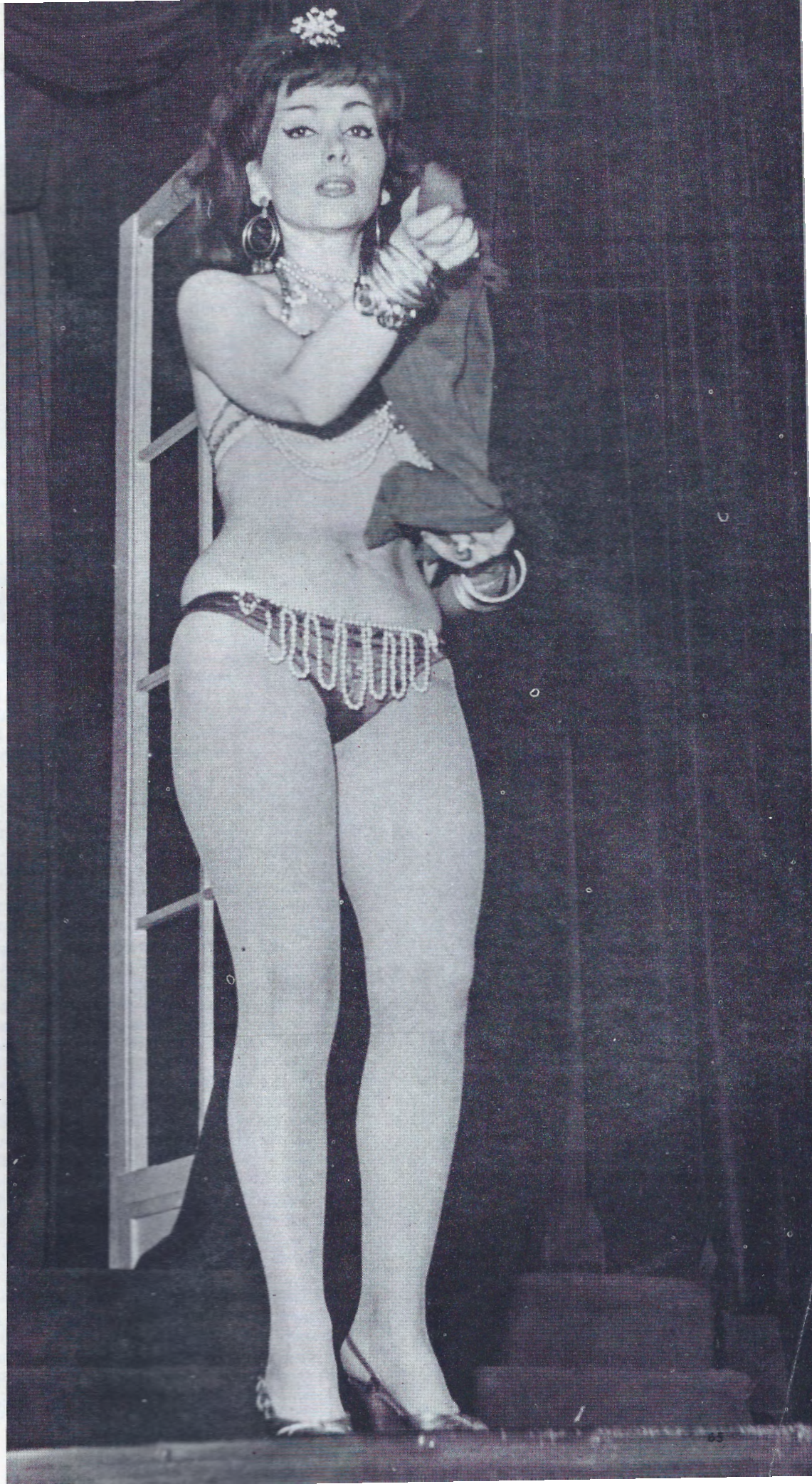
small place that features strip teases *à la* the French version. It became a choice hangout for both the sophisticated Paris native as well as the sightseers. It was the place to go for a night out. Now Le Sex Appeal is attracting the same kind of interest.

After seeing Le Sex Appeal, most customers are convinced that the only step left for Paris night clubs is to present men and women completely nude. The bistros have "gone about as far as they can go."





Paris club's success  
formula—costumes,  
settings and sex





## BEHIND THE COVER



**L**AURA CUMMINGS, our cover girl for this month, is an exciting 35-24-35 sex kitten with an unusual list of ambitions. She wants to be a painter, an actress—and to raise elephants! She's on her way to a wild and wacky future. This 21-year-old doll from Los Angeles is plenty provocative, as you'll see when you read her full profile on page 22.

## A WORD ABOUT EVE



**B**IOLOGICALLY speaking, Laurie Sanders with her 36-21-35 curves, has what it takes to achieve her ambition—a Doctor's degree in biology. While she's waiting to go academic, the German-French, Chicago-born cutie is continuing her work as model and actress. Universities should flip as fantastically as we did when we chose her as Eve for this month. Just 21 years old, she's a wowzer!

**MISTAKE**, from page 56

were petrified.

Then Kruggmann decided to precipitate things. He shot at a hippo which had surfaced near Carol.

The glistening black head shuddered and rose high. There was a gush of red blood. There came a cry, a shriek like a child screaming into an empty gallon can.

The beast lurched into shallow water, screaming its tinny sound of pain, and Carol screamed with it. She was in its wildly charging path. Her steps were slow in the suctioning mud.

The entire herd took alarm. The river boiled with frenzied movement. We were in the midst of terrified monsters. Their ears fluttered like flags in a high wind... then laid back flat.

A huge open jaw appeared at one of our bows. The natives screeched and boiled water with their paddles.

A shiny black hide, like an island rising from the sea, appeared under one dugout. The paddlers howled as the craft was lifted two feet above the surface.

The camera tipped and pulled free of its moorings. I was thrown off balance and landed half in the water between the dugouts. Our camera and its tripod plunged into the warm river. Only the catamaran effect of our two connected dugouts saved us.

I scrambled to the splintered camera platform. Carol was almost clear of the mud. She was running with great effort toward Kruggmann. He raised his rifle. She tripped as he fired. The sound further infuriated the hippos in the water. They headed for his side of the river. My natives and I were suddenly alone in quiet water.

Kruggmann saw the approaching herd and retreated along the bank. The wounded hippo was moving erratically toward him. It passed Carol without seeing her, intent on the moving thunder-pain producing man.

N'kendju slapped my leg for attention. He pointed. "Danger! Danger!"

I remembered the stories about hippos I'd heard from him on the trip upriver. Kruggmann was retreating toward the spot on the shore where the beasts habitually emerged from the river at twilight. The bank was worn away, slick and muddy.

Fritz turned his gun on the nearest hippos as they roared and screamed near the bank. He didn't see the two which were starting up the twilight run.

I opened my mouth to shout at him, warn him, but my throat wouldn't function. I hesitated and the decision to let him die crystallized in my mind. *I kept silent.*

He ran out of ammunition for his rifle. He drew his luger. The sound of its quick firing was that of snapping wood. He retreated again. "Cooper!" he yelled. "Mein Gott, Cooper!"

He slipped and fell in the muddy morass of the runway.

The two hippos trumpeted their rage and moved with surprising swiftness.

*They stomped him!*

His legs were broken and smashed. His head... The mud turned color. The huge beasts hammered him into the soft wet brown earth until he was splinters of bone, shreds of red flesh, tatters of discolored cloth...

**LATE THAT NIGHT** Carol called me into her tent. She was exhausted but triumphant. "He killed himself trying to kill us!"

I didn't like my reasons for saying, "I could have saved him. I didn't warn him about that mud track."

She was amused. "Taking credit, Bill? Staking a claim?"

I repeated stubbornly, "I could have warned him!"

"But you didn't. Don't worry, honey, I remember our bargain. You will produce and direct again... And you'll always be my loyal servant, won't you?" She stretched on the cot and pointed at a canteen. "Pour me a drink, Bill."

It wasn't a request.

I brought her the drink. She sipped and said, "Now, come here and make love to me." She squirmed into a better position. I kissed her. She said, "Go and shave first, like a good little boy."

A moment later I looked at myself in the mirror. "Worth it, Bill?" I switched on the self-powered electric shaver. "Sure," I answered myself. "I'm producer-director-lover to forty million bucks. No man in Hollywood would regret it for a second."

But for a fraction of a second I thought of what might have been if I'd gotten a break two years earlier... if my first movie...

My stomach clenched in sharp acid pain.

I knew that the pain would stay with me the rest of my life. I put the shaver to my stubbly chin and rapidly acquired the technique of not quite meeting my eyes when looking into a mirror.





# Dear Adam

## SHAKY DANCER

How is it possible to get a photograph of the dancing girl that appears on page 38 of your latest issue of **ADAM** (Vol. 5, No. 9) . . . The article in which the photo appears is on belly dancing ("Belly Dancing: Art or Obscenity.") Who is she?

Sam A. Amur  
Sacramento, Calif.

 *The girl's name is Nagwa Fouad. She lives in Cairo. Try contacting her there.*

\* \* \*

## LOOK AT MY GIRL!

I look forward to reading your magazine and looking at your sharp pictures in every one of your issues. I've taken several pictures of my girl friend and I think that she is as beautiful as any of your models . . . She often looks through **ADAM** with me and after seeing all your beautiful girls with their mammoth measurements, she doesn't feel that she has a chance to be a model. I would like your opinion . . . Help me to convince her.

Eddie Carlson  
Lubbock, Texas

 *Your girl should do all right, Eddie! That's quite a picture you sent us. We regret we can't publish it without a signed release.*

\* \* \*

## WAY OUT FRONT

I buy and read **ADAM** regularly. I want to thank you for the pictures of Terry Higgins in Vol. 5, No. 9. I think she has the most beautiful breasts of any model. Why not display her sometime as **ADAM**'s Eve?

Moritz Mengis  
Waterville, Minn.

 *We agree with you about Terry. She's been featured as Eve in the past, and we'll try to line up more on her soon.*

\* \* \*

## CHOICE OFFER

I have a choice collection of men's magazines. The prize of the assortment is a complete set of **ADAM**, except for issues Vol. 1, Nos. 3 and 4, which got away from me . . . My taste runs to man-type fiction plus a gentle blending of pulchritude, which **ADAM** has certainly been able to deliver. Circumstances have made it necessary that I dispose of the collection, so I would appreciate it if you print this so that others with similar tastes may be able to contact me.

L. E. Drennan  
2132 Berkeley Dr.  
Santa Rosa, California

\* \* \*

## THE GREATEST!

How about more of Janice Carter (Vol. 5, No. 9). She's great! Also, your article "Woman on a Corner" was excellent!

Raymond T. Kazanski  
Chicago, Illinois

 *We're happy you're happy, Ray!*

\* \* \*

**NEXT ISSUE** Trio of starlets cut loose when **ADAM** throws a Strip Charade Party

**AND** Alan Calvert, our man in the Pacific, gives amazing lowdown on "Sex in Hawaii"

**PLUS** Stories, Articles and Girls that will make Vol. 6 No. 1 a true collector's item







### ADAM IN WORDS

- *Madman Runs Wild On Highway Of Horror* . . . . . see page 4
- *Jungle Siren Caught In Hippo Stampede* . . . . . see page 10
- *The Amazing Story Of Coccinelle—Stripper Extraordinaire* . . . . . see page 14
- *Death Fight Of The Woman-Crazed Fugitives* . . . . . see page 42
- *Why Husbands Rule The Roost In The Lone Star State* . . . . . see page 50

### ADAM IN PICTURES

- *Busty Evelyn Smith Is A Poolside Sensation* . . . . . see page 7
- *Cover Gal Laura Cummings Paints a Nude Self-Portrait* . . . . . see page 22
- *Exclusive: Action Pix Of A Bullfighter's Goring* . . . . . see page 38
- *Jeannie Williams Likes Her Boyfriends Rough And Ready* . . . . . see page 46
- *An Intimate Pillow Talk With Laurie Sanders* . . . . . see page 34

*The Strip-Tease Has Some Intriguing Variations At Le Sex Appeal, Gay Paree's Most Scintillating Nightspot* . . . . . see page 62